THE *American Scholar*

Loren Eiseley
THE ILLUSION OF THE TWO CULTURES

Oscar Handlin
MAN AND MAGIC: ENCOUNTERS WITH THE MACHINE

Douglas Bush
HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

Edgar Levy
MODIGLIANI AND THE ART OF PAINTING

THE IMAGE OF WOMEN AND WORK *by Kenneth and Ellen Keniston*

SUMMER 1964 / PRICE $1.50

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a selection of

BARNES & NOBLE
REFERENCE BOOKS

THE MODERN READER'S GUIDE TO RELIGIONS

by Harold H. Watts. The most important facts known and theories advanced about all religions which have flourished on earth from "the beginnings." In style and in coverage, the book is analytical, dispassionate, scholarly, and objective. The author maintains a steady respect for all religions but is not partisan toward any one.

"The keynote of this comprehensive and ambitious volume on the religions of the world is sympathetic detachment. . . . This is (a) thoughtful, interesting work . . ."—*BULLETIN from Virginia Kirkus' Service.* 620 pp. $6.75

THINKING WITH A PENCIL: With 692 Illustrations of Easy Ways to Make and Use Drawings in Your Work and in Your Hobbies

by Henning Nelms. ". . . We will use it as a reference book in our library."—*Eva H. Larson, University of South Dakota.*

"An astonishing piece of work; should find many markets and make new admirers for Nelms' ingenuity."—*E. G. Luck, Louisiana Tech.* 346 pp. paper $1.95; cloth $4.95

LANGENSCHEIDT'S NEW MURET-SANDERS ENCYCLOPEDIC DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGES

Vol. 1 A-M—English-German. 883 pp.
Vol. 2 N-Z—English-German. 960 pp.

edited by Otto Springer. "There is no question that this dictionary represents the highest achievement in accuracy and reliability, and will be standard equipment in all reference rooms of public and private institutions"—*The German Quarterly.*

". . . it is *the* dictionary of all English-German/German-English dictionaries that all libraries . . . should seek to acquire."—*B. Hunter Smeaton in Library Journal.* (Other volumes in preparation) $17.50 each

AMERICANS IN EASTERN ASIA: A Critical Study of the United States Policy in the Far East in the Nineteenth Century

by Tyler Dennett. "Broad coverage and lucid exposition have made Tyler Dennett's study of American relations with East Asia during the nineteenth century a favorite of scholars and students alike. . . . it is good to have again available for purchase such a pleasant and useful work."—*The Journal of Asian Studies.* 725 pp. $9.50

GLOBE PLAYHOUSE: Its Design and Equipment 2nd Rev. & Enl. Ed.

by John Cranford Adams. "One would have to search far for a more exacting reference book on the relationship of Elizabethan drama to the theatre in which it was enacted."—*Screen Actor.*

"One of the most valuable, in fact, probably *the* most valuable book on contemporary Shakespearian staging and the construction of Elizabethan theatres."—*George Freedley.* 435 pp. $8.50

A CLASSICAL DICTIONARY OF THE VULGAR TONGUE

by Francis Grose. Edited with a biographical and critical sketch and commentary by Eric Partridge. "If Eric Partridge had done nothing else for word-lovers—and he has done much—he would have earned their gratitude by rescuing from relative obscurity this pioneering compilation of cant and slang."—*The New York Times.* 396 pp. $7.95

SHEPHERD'S HISTORICAL ATLAS 8th Rev. & Enl. Ed.

by William R. Shepherd. "Most public, college, and school libraries will want for replacement, reference and circulation." —*Library Journal.* 353 pp. 226 maps in 7 colors. 10,000 index entries. $15.00

Barnes & Noble, Inc. *105 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10003*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN HISTORIAN AND THE CIVIL WAR

By Avery Craven. The essays in this collection, written over a period of thirty years, reflect the search for a balanced view of the Civil War. Avery Craven, one of the most distinguished scholars to wrestle with the problems of achieving this balance, has taken a new look at slavery, states rights, and at the relative parts played by economic and political factors. 288 pages $6.95

THE WORKS OF SIR THOMAS BROWNE

In Four Volumes

Edited by Geoffrey Keynes. This great work still maintains its prestige, though it has been almost unobtainable for some twenty years. In this new edition Geoffrey Keynes has revised the whole of the text, eliminating the errors of the former edition. He has substituted the most recent recensions of the texts of important works such as *Religio medici* and *Urne Buriall,* incorporated the latest views on the occasion of the composition of *A Letter to a Friend,* and added a considerable amount of new material to the "Miscellaneous Writings" and the "Letters." The Latin writings are now reprinted for the first time since Wilkins' edition of 1836, together with English renderings by W. R. LeFanu, and a number of letters are added to the fourth volume, chiefly to Browne's exchanges with Sir William Dugdale and John Evelyn.

4 volumes, 1,970 pages $37.50

WILLIAM BLAKE: POET AND PAINTER

By Jean Hagstrum. This pioneer study of Blake is based on the author's contention that Blake intertwined painting and poetry so successfully that they cannot well be separated. Beginning with the earliest tiny line engravings that accompanied a text and ending with that late masterpiece, the illustrations for the *Book of Job,* Mr. Hagstrum analyzes all of Blake's major works. Extensive in its range, yet penetrating, the commentary makes an exciting introduction both for specialists and general students of literature or art. Blake's work is set in context by chapters on medieval illumination, on the art of the High Renaissance, on the emblem of the seventeenth century, and on Blake's own contemporaries. 176 pages, 80 pages plates, index $7.50

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

5750 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60637

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERFECTIONIST

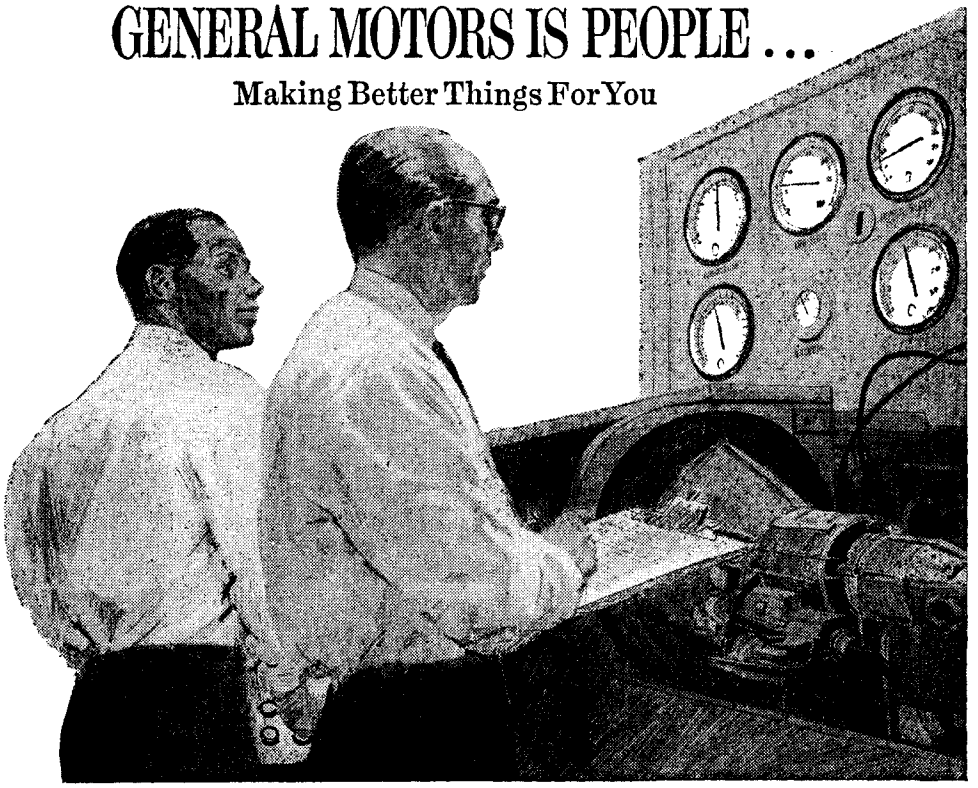
Assignment: Quality Control. He's a very special engineer at General Motors—a key man in a corporation which regards product dependability as a prime responsibility to its customers. He and a GM inspector are shown giving this transmission a final check. In addition to keeping an eagle eye on every phase of manufacturing, the quality control engineer is closely concerned with preliminary design and engineering. More than 13,000 individual parts go into a GM car, and every one must be as reliable as men and machines can make it. Raw materials, components, subassemblies—*all* get meticulous scrutiny. Tolerances to within *fifty millionths* of an inch are commonplace.

Among GM production employes, about *one of every twelve* devotes full time to quality control or inspection. Approximately 50,000 inspections are involved in the building of a single car. In addition, every machine operator has the responsibility for the quality of his work and performance of his machine. He can accept or reject any part he makes. His work is checked by the quality control engineer and the inspector, who analyze machine capabilities and predict machine inaccuracy *before* it occurs—not after.

They're mighty important people, these GM quality control engineers. They have an exacting job, and they take pride in doing it well. GM products bear witness to their effectiveness.

GENERAL MOTORS IS PEOPLE . . .

Making Better Things For You



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE

American Scholar

A QUARTERLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT THINKER

PUBLISHED FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION BY PHI BETA KAPPA

In the right state the scholar is *Man Thinking*
—EMERSON

EDITORIAL BOARD

HANNAH ARENDT
JACQUES BARZUN
DANIEL BELL
LOREN EISELEY
ERIK H. ERIKSON
AUGUST HECKSCHER
RICHARD HOFSTADTER
H. STUART HUGHES
ALFRED KAZIN
PHYLLIS McGINLEY
HENRY A. MURRAY
HARLOW SHAPLEY
IRITA VAN DOREN
ROBERT PENN WARREN
C. VANN WOODWARD

HIRAM HAYDN, *Editor*
WILLIAM DEVANE, *Consulting Editor*
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, *Contributing Editor*
MARY MOORE MOLONY, *Managing Editor*
JUDITH MICHAELS BETTY HANSEN LILLIAN BRAHMS

DOROTHY KERR, *Director of Circulation and Promotion*
KAREN STRICKLER CARLEY STRAUGHAN

Advertising Representative: MRS. WILLIAM A. JAMES, 217 Canner Street, New Haven, Connecticut 06511

Published quarterly since 1932 by the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa. Printed by The William Byrd Press, Inc., 2901 Byrdhill Road, Richmond, Virginia 23205. Second-class postage paid at Richmond, Virginia. Copyright © 1964 by the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa.

Send all change of address notices, undeliverable copies, subscription orders and other mail to *Editorial and Circulation Offices:* 1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20009

Subscription Rates: $1.50 a copy, $4.00 one year, $7.00 two years, $9.00 three years, foreign and Canadian $.50 a year additional for postage.

Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by return postage. No responsibility is assumed for their loss or injury, or for the views expressed in articles published.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Journals and Miscellaneous Notebooks of Ralph Waldo Emerson

Volume IV, 1832-1834
Edited by ALFRED R. FERGUSON

Resigning from the ministry in September, 1832, Emerson spent ten months wandering about Europe, then returned to America where he embarked on a lifelong undertaking of expounding his beliefs to a steadily growing audience through his essays and lectures. The journals of this volume present a vivid picture of constant intellectual development, and record the events that marked the turning point in Emerson's life. *A Belknap Press Book. Illustrated.* $10.00

Guide to American Literature and its Backgrounds Since 1890

Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged
By HOWARD MUMFORD JONES and RICHARD M. LUDWIG

This valuable outline and bibliography has been extensively enlarged and revised. New titles have been added, obsolescent works removed, and new editions of important background books and guides are noted. Included are two new lists on the drama, another on nonfictional prose since the thirties, and new titles from the sixties wherever applicable, as well as a fuller index to the whole book. $4.75 *Clothbound* $2.75 *Paperbound*

An Introduction to Islamic Cosmological Doctrines

A Study of Nature and Methods Used for Its Study by the Ikwhan al Ṣafā, al-Bīrūnī, and Ibn Sīnā
By SEYYED HOSSEIN NASR

Making use of material unknown to the West before, the author presents the Muslim concepts of the universe in the 10th and 11th centuries as represented in the original writings of three of the leading thinkers of the age. Mr. Nasr views the cosmological sciences from the point of view of Islam itself and as seen over the centuries by Muslim scholars, philosophers, and savants. *A Belknap Press Book. Coming in September.* $6.95

Legalism

By JUDITH SHKLAR

Probing the deficiencies in the legal approach to social problems, the author indicts the rigid ethical attitudes that have erected a gulf between jurisprudence and the moral and political exigencies of society. Examining the conflicts in ideas revealed in the course of political trials, such as at Nuremberg, Mrs. Shklar argues for a complete reconsideration of fundamental legal concepts. $5.95

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Driving Forces in History

By HALVDAN KOHT
Translated by EINAR HAUGEN
Foreword by WILLIAM L. LANGER

Halvdan Koht, Norwegian statesman, and one of the leading historians of our time, here analyzes the major forces that have influenced man's experience. This remarkable book is not an attempt to construct a philosophy of history; Mr. Koht does not present any single theme or idea that has been all-important in explaining what has happened. His emphasis is on the human mind, showing that it is always man's intellect, will, and ingenuity that lie behind the changes that have characterized the human story. *A Belknap Press Book.* $4.75

Public Policy and Private Enterprise in Mexico

Edited by RAYMOND VERNON

A companion volume to Mr. Vernon's *The Dilemma of Mexico's Development* (1963), this new book consists of five penetrating essays, each important in itself, aimed at reaching an understanding of the roles of, and relations between, the public and private sectors in the economic development of Mexico. Invaluable to students of the Mexican economy, this book will also be of great interest to those concerned with economic development in general. *Center for International Affairs. Coming in July.* $6.95

The Vendée

By CHARLES TILLY

This brilliant study of the Vendée, the first in English on the great 1793 uprising in the West of France that threatened the very life of the Revolution, is written from a sociological point of view. The author opposes the traditional historical analysis, and brings to light the social factors responsible for the rural rebellion. *Coming in July.* $7.95 *tentative.*

The War for America, 1775-1783

By PIERS MACKESY

A rich and fascinating history from the standpoint of the British government and military leaders as they attempted to prosecute a war of 20th-century scope and complexity with the uncertain, weatherbound technology of the 18th century. Of particular interest are the author's searching assessments of the roles and attitudes, character and capabilities of the leading English figures. $10.00

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHAKESPEARE SURVEY 17

Shakespeare in his own Age

EDITOR: ALLARDYCE NICOLL

A special enlarged quatercentenary volume that omits the usual features to make room for seventeen studies of Shakespeare's physical environment, 'Philosophy and Fancy', artistic and recreational life. The themes treated are those which have had little attention in the past or which need reappraising. There are 32 pages of plates giving a visual picture of the Elizabethan age. $9.50

Shakespeare's Imagery

CAROLINE SPURGEON

A classic example of how inspired textual study can show an author's mind at work. No one can read this book and think the same about Shakespeare. *'This is a monumental work without a single dull page.'* NEW STATESMAN $7.50

The Shakespearean Ciphers Examined

W. & E. FRIEDMAN

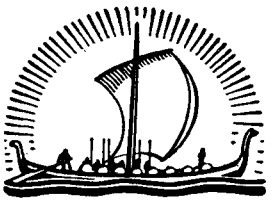
Two eminent cryptologists examine all the ciphers which Shakespeare's plays are supposed to contain and on which the claims for rival authorship are based. *'Learned, scholarly, patient, courteous, deft, ordered, beautifully written and withal absolutely devastating.'* Bernard Levin in THE SPECTATOR $5.00

from your bookstore

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

32 East 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Outstanding VIKING non-fiction

The Masks of God OCCIDENTAL MYTHOLOGY

by Joseph Campbell

"The third—and thus far the richest—volume of Joseph Campbell's *magnum opus* on the mythologies of the world."—ALAN WATTS, *Book Find News.* Drawing on the latest findings of archaeology and the ageless treasury of myth and legend, the author traces the themes that underlie the art, worship, and literature of our modern western world. *Illustrated* $7.95

•

THE SYMBOLIC MEANING

The Uncollected Versions of *Studies in Classic American Literature*

by D. H. Lawrence • Ed. by Armin Arnold • Intro. by Harry T. Moore

"D. H. Lawrence . . . wrote as wittily as anybody in his generation about the works of Melville, Hawthorne, Poe and Whitman. . . . America both fascinated and infuriated Lawrence, and his famed *Studies in Classic American Literature* was shrill, derisive, but continuingly provocative. *The Symbolic Meaning,* a collection of earlier versions of the same essays, is considerably calmer in tone, but both versions bear the unmistakable stamp of Lawrence's chaotic, irascible mind."—*Time* $5.00

•

THE END OF ALLIANCE

America and the Future of Europe • by Ronald Steel

The kind of bold new look at the "myths" of our foreign policy that Senator Fulbright is advocating. "By demolishing current American illusions and complacency. . . . Mr. Steel has made a useful and original contribution to our understanding of international affairs."—STANLEY HOFFMANN, *Department of Government, Harvard University.* ". . . very remarkable, readable and . . . eminently tough-minded."—D. W. BROGAN, *N. Y. Times Book Review* $3.75

•

POLITICAL POWER: USA/USSR

by Zbigniew Brzezinski and Samuel P. Huntington

A milestone in political commentary by two young but distinguished political scientists, illustrated with some startling case histories. "A pathfinding study which opens up new perspectives in the comparative analysis of Soviet and American political institutions." —MERLE FAINSOD, *Russian Research Center, Harvard University* $7.50

•

THE NEW SCIENCE OF ECONOMICS:

An Introduction • by George Soule

This complete revision, expanded by more than half, of *Introduction to Economic Science* (1948) covers momentous recent happenings in world economic affairs. ". . . adds to Professor Soule's reputation for being able to state complex and often dry ideas in a non-technical and stimulating manner, appealing to the layman. . . . This well-written popularization of an arcane discipline will have a wide appeal."—*Library Journal* $4.95

THE VIKING PRESS, New York, N. Y. 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RAINER MARIA RILKE
The Years in Switzerland
A Contribution to the Biography of Rilke's Later Life
By J. R. von Salis $7.50

IMAGES OF A QUEEN
Mary Stuart in Sixteenth-Century Literature
By James Emerson Phillips $6.95

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR
The Norman Impact Upon England
By David C. Douglas $9.50

ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN INDONESIAN POETRY
Edited by Burton Raffel $4.00

SHINEGA'S VILLAGE
Scenes of Ethiopian Life
By Sahle Sellassie $3.95

THE AFTER HOURS
Modern Japan and the Search for Enjoyment
By David W. Plath $4.00

CARMINA ARCHILOCHI
The Fragments of Archilochos
Translated and edited by Guy Davenport $4.00
Also available as California Paperback No. 92 $1.50

THE MYSTERY OF OVID'S EXILE
By John C. Thibault $4.50

WIT AND WISDOM OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE
By Charles Speroni $6.00

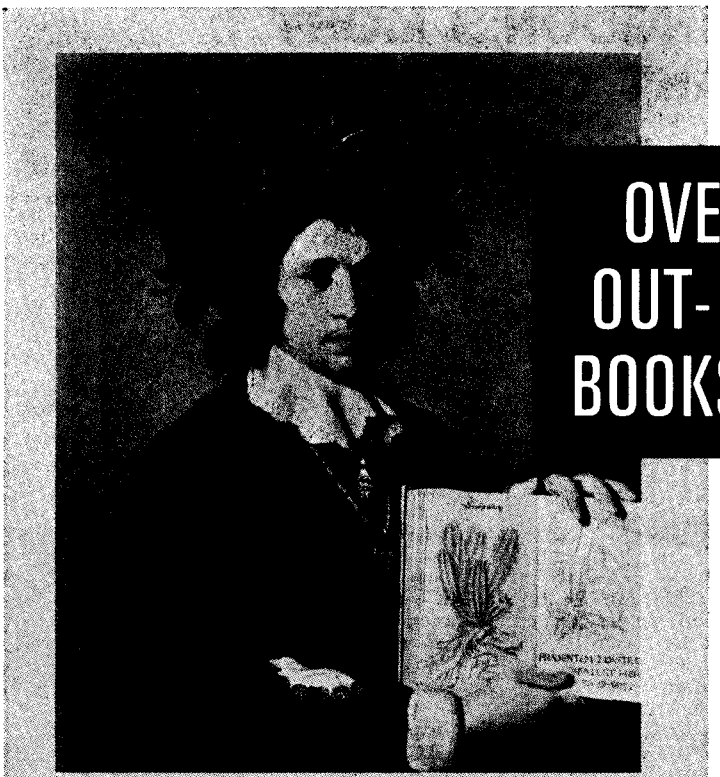
CONFUCIAN CHINA AND ITS MODERN FATE
Volume Two: The Problem of Monarchial Decay
By Joseph R. Levenson $5.00

A HISTORY OF IDEAS IN BRAZIL
The Development of Philosophy in Brazil and the Evolution of National History
By João Cruz Costa $7.50

THE LOGICAL STRUCTURE OF THE WORLD
and
PSEUDOPROBLEMS IN PHILOSOPHY
By Rudolf Carnap $7.50

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS Berkeley 94720

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Willem Moreelse, A Scholar Holding a Thesis on Botany
The Toledo Museum of Art. Gift of Edward Drummond Libbey

OVER 3,000 OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS Available

- HISTORY
- SCIENCE
- MATHEMATICS
- FOREIGN LANGUAGE
  (INCLUDING LARGE RUSSIAN AND FRENCH SELECTIONS)
- STATE HISTORIES
- GENEALOGY
- MUSIC
- RELIGION
- POETRY and DRAMA

duopage OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

CATALOG • 1964

MICRO PHOTO DIVISION • BELL & HOWELL COMPANY 1700 SHAW AVENUE CLEVELAND 12, OHIO

We will locate and reprint rare out-of-print books and manuscripts for you, using our exclusive DUOPAGE Xerox process of printing on both sides of the same sheet.

LET US KNOW OF YOUR OUT-OF-PRINT BOOK NEEDS

SEND FOR FREE COPY OF 1964 CATALOG!

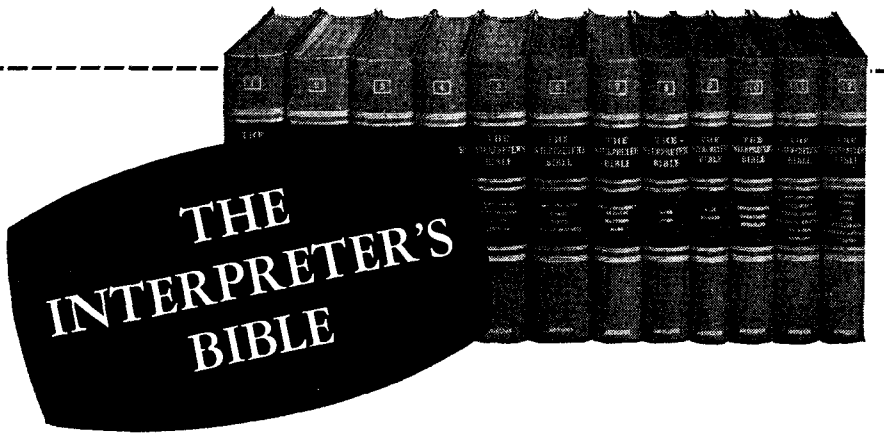
MICRO PHOTO DIVISION

BELL & HOWELL COMPANY

1700 Shaw Avenue • Cleveland, Ohio 44112

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

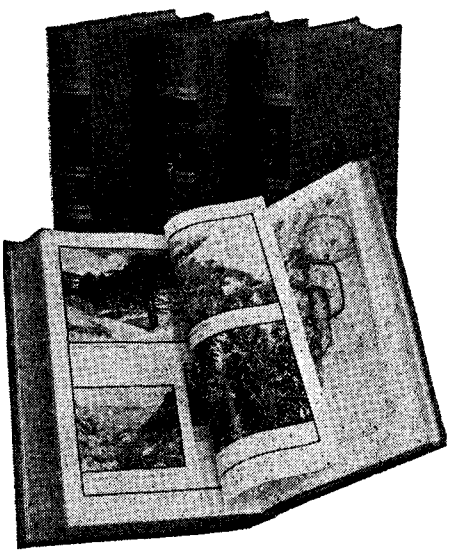
ABINGDON'S MOST IMPORTANT CONTRIBUTIONS!



"The student of the Bible can be grateful to the editors and publishers for this vast project. . . . Its values to the serious teacher cannot be underestimated. . . . Will certainly do much to improve the quality and content of biblical preaching and teaching."—*International Journal of Religious Education.*

"An ecumenical enterprise of great significance. . . . Encyclopedic in scope, compact in content, critical in method, devout in spirit."—*Journal of Bible and Religion.* Each Volume, **$8.75**

The Complete 12-Volume Set, **$89.50**
Now available in deluxe leather binding (sold in 12-volume sets only) **$375**



THE INTERPRETER'S *Dictionary* OF THE BIBLE
IN FOUR VOLUMES

"The appearance of this new Bible dictionary or encyclopedia is a substantial achievement by a diverse group of scholars, mainly American, and on the whole it gives one an encouraging picture of the state of scholarship. . . . This is a work everyone is going to be using, and using with gratitude, for the next generation."—*Journal of Biblical Literature.*

"There can be few factual matters regarding the Scripture which are not here made plain."—*International Journal of Religious Education.* The 4-Vol. Set, **$45**

Order from your bookstore

abingdon press
175 YEARS OF *Service*-SINCE 1789

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

Volume 33 *Summer, 1964* Number 3

CONTENTS

If You Don't Mind My Saying So	*Joseph Wood Krutch*	350
An American Anachronism: The Image of Women and Work	*Ellen and Kenneth Keniston*	355
Invitation, *Poem*	*Erika Renon*	375
Hands Across the Sea	*Douglas Bush*	376
The Wise Sleep, *Poem*	*Mavis Riordan*	383
Hotel Dieu, *Poem*	*David Wade*	384
Fishing At Dusk, *Poem*	*Joan Swift*	386
The Illusion of the Two Cultures	*Loren Eiseley*	387
Modigliani and the Art of Painting	*Edgar Levy*	400
Man and Magic: First Encounters with the Machine	*Oscar Handlin*	408
To William Wordsworth from Virginia, *Poem*	*Julia Randall*	420
A Dragon Hunt	*Mary Barnard*	422
Portrait		
Melville Cane	*Hiram Haydn*	428
Reappraisals		
James and Emerson: The Lesson of the Master	*Earl Rovit*	434
A Look Around		
"Many a night I saw the Pleiads . . ."	*Paul A. Zahl*	441
The Revolving Bookstand		
From Sensuous Image to Musical Form	*Edward T. Cone*	448
Reviews by *Dudley Fitts, Walter Goodman, Eugene Rabinowitch* and *Livio Stecchini*		462
The Reader Replies		477

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Princeton

UNIVERSITY PRESS

The Expense of Vision

Essays on the Craft of Henry James

BY LAURENCE BEDWELL HOLLAND

In six extended critical essays, Laurence Holland examines the crisis for Henry James's imagination created by his passion for both life and form. "The *Expense of Vision* opens a new perspective on James's art. Its explorations seem to me of high importance. Mr. Holland's scholarship is authentic, wide-ranging, rich, and profoundly imaginative." —*Dorothy Van Ghent.* *450 pages. $8.50*

Thayer's Life of Beethoven

REVISED AND EDITED BY ELLIOT FORBES

Thayer talked with Beethoven's surviving friends, gathered anecdotes, and sifted hundreds of documents. The resulting wealth of detail stimulated other students, and a mass of Beethoven scholarship appeared. Now Elliot Forbes, one of the foremost Beethoven scholars of our time, has used this new material to bring the *Life* up to date without sacrificing Thayer's classic text. vol. I, 640 pages vol. II, 536 pages
Boxed set $25.00

Giovanni Bellini's "St. Francis" in the Frick Collection

BY MILLARD MEISS

Long admired but little explored, this enigmatic painting by the greatest Venetian painter of his day receives here its first full-scale examination. The sixty-six illustrations, including three in color, provide the reader with comparative material as well as an unusually rich selection of details of the title painting. *88 pages. $8.50*

Guido da Siena

BY JAMES STUBBLEBINE

In assembling and studying all the works with which Guido's name is linked, this book traces the painter's development from the earliest period of his training and enlarges our knowledge of the nature of Guidesque painting and its origins. This fresh perspective on Guido offers corollary insights into Coppo di Marcovaldo, Cimabue, and Duccio.
137 pages, 128 illus. $15.00

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Examined Self

Benjamin Franklin, Henry Adams, Henry James

BY ROBERT F. SAYRE

This book is concerned with the art of autobiography, with its significance in giving literary form to the diverse and confused memories of experience. Americans, said de Tocqueville, habitually "fix the standard of their judgment in themselves alone." Autobiography is thus an almost predestined American form, and its richness makes this book a constant inquiry into American experience itself. *250 pages. $4.75*

The Captive Press in the Third Reich

BY ORON J. HALE

William L. Shirer says: "With this work Professor Hale has written the definitive book on what happened to the press in Nazi Germany. . . . Though Professor Hale is wisely content to tell a factual story fully documented, his account of the suppression of a free press contains warnings and lessons for us all today." *356 pages. $6.50*

The Greenback Era

A Social and Political History of American Finance, 1865-1879

BY IRWIN UNGER

"Mr. Unger offers a fresh and original account, free of the doctrinaire, abounding in new information, and unconfused by the dust and wind of the long controversy about the greenbacks. He replaces fossilized notions with simple facts, lucidly presented, in a style that is cool and poised but lively and direct."—*Bray Hammond. 456 pages. $10.00*

Indian Nationalism and Hindu Social Reform

BY CHARLES H. HEIMSATH

Mr. Heimsath presents here an intellectual history of the social reform movement among Hindus in India in the century between Ram Mohun Roy and Gandhi. Treating separately each major province in which reform movements flourished, he shows the many ways in which social reform was effected. *400 pages. $8.50*

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If You Don't Mind My Saying So. . . . . .

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Suppose you are driving an automobile at seventy-five miles an hour. No matter how cunningly made, how expensive and how efficient the machine may be, no matter how expert a driver you are, you still can't, for the time being, do anything except keep it on the road. You can't even think about anything else. Your hands are full, your mind is occupied. You may (as many do) find the occupation more exhilarating than any other you have ever experienced. But you will not enjoy the scenery, ponder philosophical questions, or conceive works of art.

What our so astounding and (in its own way) so successful technological society demands of those deeply involved in it either as planners or as executants is something very much like driving a high-speed automobile, and it threatens to become even more like manipulating a space capsule in orbit. This society is tremendously powerful and most ingeniously contrived. It operates at great efficiency and at very high speeds—economically and politically as well as technologically. But to keep it on the road requires the full attention of all who are concerned with its operation. It threatens at every moment to get out of hand and we are terribly (if often only half-consciously) aware that a moment's inattention or an unforeseen circumstance will reduce us and our wonderful machine to a flaming wreck from which it is unlikely that either the driver or most of the passengers will escape with their lives.

Those of us who are inclined to moral, intellectual or aesthetic criticism—who are, as it were, standing by the roadside as one racing car after another plunges past—rebuke their occupants for what seems to us too little concern with the occupations and values we hold to be the most important and the most characteristically human. But busy as they are, they can hardly be expected to indulge in contemplation or do anything except keep the vehicle on the road—if they can. Under the circumstances it is perhaps futile as well as unfair to expect anything else. Granted the condition of the modern world, those who accept and participate in it can hardly be other than what they are. We cannot change them and they cannot change themselves so long as they hardly dare take their eyes off the road.

"Why drive so fast?" we ask. "Why build machines that can be driven at such speeds and quite possibly demand more of the human brain and nerves than they are capable of giving?"

To these questions there are several common answers. The most pessimistic is simply that this is where we find ourselves—at the wheel of the racing car. It is, as our forefathers said concerning the predicament in which certain other individuals found themselves, "the position in which God in His wisdom has thought fit to place us," or, as we now translate the phrase, "the situation inevitably created by our evolving technology." We couldn't change even if we wanted to. And to the suggestion that we might at least slow down, the reply, not without considerable justification, is that there is a whole line of other cars (other peoples, other nations, other classes) just behind, and that if one car were to stop it would infallibly be destroyed by a rear-end collision.

A more cheerful answer is this: "But we

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

like driving a fine car at high speed and we don't really care whether or not (as you doubt) it is getting us anywhere. It's the going we enjoy; the sense of power and speed. For the sake of that intoxicating sensation we gladly surrender those pale satisfactions that you say are to be found in the good life of art, intellect and contemplation. We don't miss them. In fact, we never tasted them. The future belongs to people like us who know how to enjoy what merely frightens you. As for the danger of a smashup—well, we all have to die sometime. If the automobile has created threats to life, medicine has reduced others. We do live dangerously but you can't get away from the fact that, even so, the average life-span is now longer than it was in quieter ages."

Those who reason thus are, I suppose, the true children of our age—much more our representative men than the alienated or the beatniks. Possibly, they are also the children of the future.

Some of them, if they have a touch of philosophy, may suggest that what we call "living dangerously" will become in time less dangerous than it is now, because the human being will adapt, by conditioning and perhaps even biologically, to the new situation by developing quicker muscular reactions to cope with the greater speed of his vehicles and nerves rugged enough to remain relaxed under what now seem the hardly bearable strains, such as those to which the executive and the statesman as well as the racing driver are subjected.

Perhaps natural selection will see to it that exactly this will happen and the process may be already under way—as a certain scientist whom I am not at liberty to identify undertook to demonstrate in a privately printed essay which he called his contribution to the Darwinian Centenary.

With tongue in cheek he offered this demonstration: Despite the fact that automobiles grow continuously faster and more dangerous to operate, the number of traffic deaths in proportion to the number of cars on the road has actually decreased. This surprising fact, he suggested, can mean only that natural selection has been busily removing both from the road and from the breeding stock those who ought not to be driving our dangerous contraptions. Only the fittest survive, and if the automobile manufacturers will only cooperate by continuing to make their products more and more dangerous, they will hasten the time when all except those with the nerves and muscles of racing drivers will have been eliminated from a world to which they are no longer fitted.

All such spoofing aside, I do not know how to make a counterstatement likely to carry any conviction so far as the true children of our age are concerned. I do not see how the civilization we have created (or which, as some would prefer to put it, has created itself) could provide very favorable conditions for the development of the good life as I define it. Neither do I see how this civilization could be simplified or even slowed down without catastrophe unless the simplification and the slowing down were brought about very gradually by a dominant minority that believed (as only an insignificant minority does believe) that it would be desirable to do so. For the individual there seems only a pair of alternatives. He may join with the spirit of the age or he may ride the juggernaut as infrequently as is possible, taking good care at other times to remember that juggernauts are notoriously dangerous to pedestrians also.

Technology itself cannot make us more competent to evaluate its creations, and although it will no doubt perform many wonders still no more than dreamed of, I do not think that its blessings and benefits will be of a kind different from those it has already conferred, perhaps too abundantly, upon us—namely, even greater speed, power, wealth and possibly health. And unless these are the only things we need, I think it unfortunate that most people should assume that it is to science and technology alone that we must look for any improvement in the human condition.

With that large majority that does assume, consciously or unconsciously, that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

speed, power and wealth are in themselves quite enough to make a good life, we dissenters cannot argue. But we do have to register a protest against those who maintain, not that we don't need any other culture, but that there has already emerged a new scientific culture that performs, or at least will presently perform, all the functions that the other culture, now obsolete, formerly performed for us; that such a purely scientific culture can supply ethical guidance, aesthetic satisfaction, standards of value, and a view of the universe that the human being will find congenial rather than alien.

This defense of orthodox science as the basis of a culture as well as of a technology goes back at least as far as Darwin himself who insisted in the last paragraph of *The Origin of Species* that "there is a kind of grandeur" in his vision where "from the war of nature, from famine and death . . . the production of the higher animals [he did not yet quite dare say man] directly follows," although I think the qualifying word "kind" is here very important. C. P. Snow happens to be at the moment the best known proponent of science as the better of the two so-called cultures, but he is by no means the only one. Rather surprisingly, Aldous Huxley in the little book published just before his death sketched very unconvincingly his outline of what such a complete culture would ultimately be like. Even more recently the *Nation* (January 4, 1964) devoted most of one issue to a long dialogue called "The Abacus and the Rose" by J. Bronowski whose *Science and Human Values* was a best seller a few years ago. In this new dialogue Bronowski sets up a couple of straw men—one a member of the Establishment, the other a professor of literature who seems to have taken all his ideas from Professor Leavis. After these two have been demolished by a scientist, the latter takes the floor to proclaim that the scientific culture has already been formulated and accepted by those sufficiently advanced to understand it.

> We are making a unity . . . a complete culture, a unity out of variety. I will tell you what a molecular biologist is. He is a man who unravels the secrets of life by using the tools of physics. He shows—we have shown—that the structures of biology become intelligible when we treat them, not as a string of mysteries, but as strings of molecules. Those are the changes in the picture of the world that we strive for. That is the universal unity in which we believe. I wrote a poem once about art and science and the unity of all things.

The poem that follows is cast in heroic couplets (which seem a curiously old-fashioned literary form for so convinced a proponent of the new culture) and its clincher is reached when the author declares that if he regards living creatures not as mysteries but as strings of molecules, "an icy sweetness fills my mind." This phrase reminds one immediately of Darwin's "a kind of grandeur," although Mr. Bronowski does not seem to share a certain dubiety that led Darwin to say not "grandeur" but "a kind of grandeur."

I am well aware that not all biologists, not even (or perhaps especially not) those who are, like Bronowski's Professor Potts, specialists in macromolecular biology, believe that the living processes become completely intelligible "when we treat them, not as strings of mysteries, but as strings of molecules." Professor Adolf Portmann, for example, in his recent *New Paths in Biology,* a good deal of which is concerned with macromolecular studies, sounds almost as though he were replying to Professor Potts:

> Many biologists take the view that the study of the fine structure of living matter is *the* essential task of biology. This view ignores one very important aspect of life—subjective experience. No amount of research along physical or chemical grounds can ever give us a full picture of psychological, spiritual or intellectual processes.

If a "scientific culture" should ever succeed in recognizing both the reality and the importance of these aspects of life and in somehow integrating them with its "strings of molecules" instead of continuing to dismiss them as some sort of delusive epiphenomenon, then it will have absorbed rather than replaced the older culture and it may indeed prove to be all we know on earth and all we need to know. But until

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

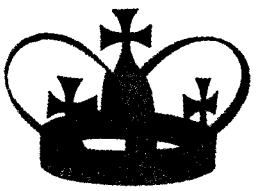
it does recognize and have something adequate to say about what are to the human consciousness the realest and most important part of the experience of being human, it will be no substitute for even the completely prescientific parts of literature, philosophy and metaphysics.

Even a race of men that had come to find Professor Potts's "icy sweetness" enough, would still have nowhere to look when faced, as all men sometimes are, with the necessity of deciding what is right or wrong, good or evil. And even so dedicated a scientist as Vannevar Bush not merely confessed but passionately insisted in a lecture on scientific motivation that neither the Potts brand of philosophy nor the Potts kind of poetry provides any such guidance.

> From the preservation of the mechanistic universe some recent writers have gone on to formulate a code of ethics as though it followed in logical consequence. This code, in summary, is very simple. Man controls his destiny; let him so control it as to build for himself a better life. That is good which leads in this direction. The code is laudable enough as far as it goes; but it is incomplete and without a logical base in the facts from which it purports to be derived. For it is based on a tacit assumption that the mechanistic account of the universe that has been constructed within the accepted limitations of science is in fact a complete account, and a proper basis on which to build a complete ethical code. This is to assert that there is no reality beyond those things which we can measure with a rule or time with a clock and that value can be deduced from a statement of fact. But man's motivations emerge from his entire experience. The seat of ethics is in our hearts, not in our minds. Our ignorance is vast. At every turn, as we reach boundaries beyond which strict definition and logic, measurement and manipulation, cannot be applied we are confronted with a mystery. Our little minds have carved out a region within which science has proved a guide through the murk, leaving blanks and emptiness, but building a consistent conception. . . . But to imply that we now grasp the sorry world entire, that we can now draw final conclusions, is to mistake a first step for a journey. We have a useful formulation, within its realm, but have thus far proved little on which to judge our duty or our mission.

In this paragraph, so it seems to me, a very distinguished scientist made by anticipation an unanswerable reply to C. P. Snow and to all proponents of the so-called scientific culture. The simple statement that value cannot be deduced from a statement of fact sums up in a very few words what some refuse to recognize. If one agrees with Vannevar Bush that science cannot establish standards of good and evil and that for this very reason a purely scientific culture is impossible, then it follows that a civilization based upon science alone can only be one in which know-how has replaced the pursuit of wisdom. And there are at least a few of us to whom it seems that too much undiscriminating know-how is what makes it possible that our physical world as well as our civilization are about to perish.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



important books
on literature and criticism
from **COLUMBIA**

NATURE AND ART IN RENAISSANCE LITERATURE

Edward William Tayler

This book reveals the origins and literary consequences of what Renaissance writers called those two "vast and all-comprehending Dominions of Nature and Art." The author demonstrates that the pastoral genre is the literary counterpoint of the philosophical preoccupation with Nature and Art, and that during the Renaissance philosophical ideas combined with literary form to produce such vital fictions as Book VI of Spenser's *Faerie Queene* and Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale.* *$5.00*

THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS OF WAGNER'S *TRISTAN*

Elliott Zuckerman

"*The First Hundred Years of Wagner's* TRISTAN is a superb piece of scholarship and criticism in a genre all its own; music, history, biography, and psychology are fused into a narrative that tells us in effect how western man has felt and thought about art, love, and ideas, since 1859."—*Jaques Barzun*

"A first-rate piece of cultural history and of much more than usual interest. . . ."
—*Lionel Trilling* *$6.00*

THE MAHĀBHĀRATA

An English Version Based on Selected Verses

Chakravarthi V. Narasimhan

This is a version of the main narrative of a Sanskrit classic, one of India's two great epics (the other is the *Ramayana*), drawn from selected verses of this classic. This translation is based almost wholly on the new Poona edition of the Mahābhārata, considered to be the most scholarly and authoritative of the many editions. *$6.00*

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
New York, New York 10027

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An American Anachronism

The Image of Women and Work

ELLEN AND KENNETH KENISTON

THE MOST EFFECTIVE FORMS OF OPPRESSION are those with which the victim covertly cooperates. So long as coercion is exercised from without and experienced as such by the coerced, revolt is possible and ultimately probable. As the rulers of Chinese thought-reform centers know, coercion is truly effective only when its targets assent to its justice, and, more than that, accept their servitude as a part of their view of themselves. As long as American Negroes consciously or unconsciously saw themselves as an inferior race, they inevitably collaborated in their own exploitation; only the awareness of their unwitting connivance with oppression has released their energies toward relieving their second-class citizenship.

The past few years have seen renewed concern about the problems, the continuing "oppression" and the "incomplete emancipation" of American women. We have been reminded that women attend college in smaller ratio to men than thirty years ago; that sex-linked wage differentials persist in most occupations; that other industrialized countries make far better provision for working mothers; that our mass media extol the virtues of home, family and children while deprecating the working woman; that feminism in America exhausted itself with the achievement of the vote for women. Although women work in greater numbers than ever before, many professions remain closed to any but the most

✪ ELLEN KENISTON received her Ph.D. in clinical psychology from Harvard in 1960. She has done clinical work with children and adults. KENNETH KENISTON is assistant professor in the department of psychiatry in the Yale Medical School. A former Rhodes Scholar and Junior Fellow at Harvard, he is engaged in a study of alienation from American society. The Kenistons have two daughters, aged three months and two and a half years.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

resolute women, and most women's jobs are concentrated in underpaid and menial positions. Compared, say with Russian society, ours makes little use of the extrafamilial talents of women, and seems to "oppress" them by pushing them simultaneously away from work and toward home and family.[1]

In seeking to explain this apparent backwardness of our society, two interpretations are frequently given. One is largely conspiratorial: in its most extreme form, it holds that women are kept oppressed by a sinister junta of reactionary psychoanalysts, Madison Avenue hucksters, and insecure husbands;[2] in more moderate statement, it stresses the role of men's vanity, weakness, or need for an "Other."[3] The second common explanation of the "problem" of American women emphasizes the absence of "objective opportunities," such as equal employment regulations, subsidies for women's education, maternity benefits, community supported day-care centers for children, more adequate domestic help, *et cetera.* Were such opportunities available, this argument runs, women would move easily outside the confines of kitchen, kaffee-klatsch and kindergarten.

Each of these explanations has something to be said for it. Advertisers clearly do have a vested interest in keeping women at home buying their products; psychoanalysts have often advanced theories of universal feminine "masochism" and "passivity" (which made it difficult to explain the undeniable intellectual talents and careers of many women psychoanalysts[4]); insecure men do frequently stand between their wives and "fulfillment" outside the home; and a majority of American (male) congressmen have shown little interest in legislation to equalize women's inferior economic position. So, too, the lack of adequate institutional support for women is clear, and clearly needs correction: the lot of working women, and especially of working mothers, could be vastly improved by changes in employment

[1] See, for example, Betty Friedan, *The Feminine Mystique* (New York: Norton, 1963); Simone de Beauvoir, *The Second Sex* (New York: Knopf, 1953); and the Spring, 1964, issue of *Dædalus.*

[2] Friedan, *op. cit.*

[3] de Beauvoir, *op. cit.*

[4] See Marie Bonaparte, *Female Sexuality* (New York: International Universities Press, 1956) for an extreme case.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

laws, by added social security benefits for maternity and by better facilities for child care. And the absence of such institutional support does indeed discourage women who might otherwise want to do something outside their own homes.

But both these interpretations overlook what seems to us the central "problem" for most American women: namely, that most not only accept but largely desire a homebound position, and the obstacles on which they founder are less often external conditions than internal ambivalences. The vast majority of women in this country—even the vast majority of middle-class college graduates—give love, marriage and family supreme priority over "career." If they are indignant or resentful, it is most often over the social or personal situation that requires them to work, and far more rarely over either the pressures that impede their working or the injustices of their situation in work. Whether they work to supplement their husbands' incomes (the reason given by most working-class women), to relieve the boredom of empty houses once children are in school, or, as widowed, divorced, separated or unmarried women, simply to earn a living, most women work because they must, and would gladly exchange their "careers" for the life of a happily-married, financially-secure wife-and-mother. If working-class high school girls are asked about their ideal life, they tell of a dream-cottage with successful husband and many children: there is no mention of work. And even in elite women's colleges, many, and perhaps most, girls consider any pressure to plan seriously for a career an unwanted distraction from their main emotional concern—finding husbands and beginning their lives as wives-and-mothers. Despite the fact that eight or nine out of every ten American women will be employed at some time during their lives, probably the same proportion in some part of themselves dislikes, even detests, the thought of working.

Resentment and indignation at the social barriers to complete emancipation are not widespread. They tend to be concentrated among a relatively small group of highly educated professional women, many of whom have succeeded in overcoming these real barriers and in finding interesting and even "fulfilling" jobs be-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cause they were unambivalently determined to do so. Indeed, if anything like a majority of American women felt a small part of their resentment and indignation, the social barriers would soon crumble before the pressure. If even a quarter of the electorate (half of the women) was willing to vote with some selectivity for candidates who favored equal employment opportunities for women, subsidies for women's education, maternity benefits, women's employment rights and community-supported child-care centers, it would take but a decade before these easily envisioned goals were attained. But there is no consistent demand; these are rarely live political issues; most women "fulfill their potential" outside the home reluctantly, if at all. If there is a "problem" for women in America today, it is that they work only of necessity or by default; if women remain unemancipated, theirs is a largely voluntary servitude.

It is therefore an oversimplification to trace the causes of women's homebound situation solely to masculine prejudice and to seek a solution of the problem only in improvements in social opportunities. Behind both masculine prejudice and women's homebound situation lie enormous historical changes that have pushed the American woman into an unprecedented social and human situation; and behind the inability of American women to create better social conditions for themselves lie anachronistic images of womanliness and work, defensively reasserted by women themselves. How has the situation of American women changed in the past generations? And why do outmoded definitions of womanliness and work persist despite these radical changes?

The unprecedented situation of American women

Consider the life-situation of the average woman in all societies two hundred years ago, and in most nonindustrial societies today. None of the "problems of modern woman" could possibly arise: to survive, society had no choice but to require women to spend their lives as guardians of the home and of the next generation. In any community where the average life-span is thirty to forty years and infant mortality approaches fifty percent, mere

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

maintenance of the population requires that adult women devote all of their time to bearing children. Moreover, what to do with "the later years" is hardly a problem: most women are dead long before they reach the end of their fertility, and those few who survive are usually so exhausted from childbearing that they have little energy available for "a later career." And even if a singular woman wanted to have only a few children, knowledge of contraception was so limited that she had no way of doing it short of refusing all men.

Furthermore, high birth and death rates have usually gone hand in hand with a kind of family organization that gave a woman more than enough to do *within* her family. In most societies, the family, not the individual, was the basic unit of the economy, and women have had to work for and within families in order to survive. The peasant wife must share the tasks of the land with her husband; the wife of the hunter must clean and store her husband's game; the shepherd's wife must help to guard the herds. Even today on old-fashioned farms a wife is essential to care for domestic animals, can and store food for the winter, and maintain the domestic side of farm life. In a few complex and highly differentiated societies, of course, small groups of leisured aristocratic women have existed; but these women have often become, as Veblen pointed out, status symbols for their husbands; and much of their energy has traditionally gone toward maintaining the visible signs of leisure and affluence that would provide continual reminders of their husbands' wealth and power. Historically, then, women have always worked, but at the tasks of the family economy, not outside it.

The industrial revolution, however, brought a series of changes that created a "problem" where none could have existed before. Advances in medicine and public health have decreased the infant mortality rate and lengthened the life-span; changes in economic organization have all but destroyed the family as an economic unit. Women began to work outside the home primarily in response to these economic and social changes. Thoughts of self-fulfillment, always an aristocratic ideal, were far from the minds of the first women in the mills of England and Germany

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; for them factory labor was an unwanted economic necessity. To be sure, the physical conditions of life were probably better in the new mill towns than they had been for the peasantry; but the "alienated" labor of the woman factory worker was psychologically far more arduous than tilling fields that had been tended by the same family for generations. Working women in the early industrial period must have looked back with nostalgia to the lives of their own peasant mothers, for whom work and family were part of an unfragmented whole. For the vast majority of working women, work outside the family began as a deprivation, as a necessity, as part of the loss of peasant family life; and these meanings of work persist to the present.

The medical and technological advances made possible by the industrial revolution have of course borne full fruit only in the past two generations. Only now has infant mortality been sufficiently lowered and the life-span enough increased so that social survival is fully compatible with widespread family limitation. A modern American woman can rightly anticipate that her children will survive into adulthood, and that she herself will live into her mid-seventies. Modern medical care makes bearing children less dangerous, and modern conveniences make caring for them less onerous. Furthermore, any woman who wants to limit the size of her family has available a variety of contraceptive techniques; and the population explosion suggests that family limitation, formerly the route to social suicide, has on the contrary become a prerequisite for social survival. Technological advances have both freed and deprived women of the need to devote their lives to procreation and child care.

The impact on women of these technological advances has been shaped by equally unprecedented changes in the family.[5] Consider the family's increasing sociological "isolation." Formerly, husband, wife and their children were embedded in a

[5] For a fuller account of American family structure, see Talcott Parsons, "The Kinship System of the Contemporary United States," Chap. XI in *Essays in Sociological Theory Pure and Applied* (Glencoe: Free Press, 1949); and "The American Family: its Relations to Personality and to the Social Structure," Chap. I in T. Parsons and F. Bales, *Family, Socialization and Interaction Process* (Glencoe: Free Press, 1955).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

network of extended family relationships—cousins, aunts, uncles, grandparents and grandchildren who lived together and functioned as a social and economic unit. Now, increasingly, parents and their offspring live apart and separate, isolated both geographically and psychologically from wider family ties. In societies with extended family systems, surviving older women can be socially useful by caring for their grandchildren, nieces and nephews. But in our society a woman must anticipate that her adult children will leave her to establish new homes of their own, often far from her; and any older woman who assumes a maternal role with anyone but her own children is usually told, subtly or directly, that she is neither wanted nor needed. Furthermore, the isolation and the small size of American families mean that all emotional ties within the family are inevitably concentrated on a smaller number of people and, in that measure, intensified. The absence of aunts, grandmothers, female cousins and the like within the immediate family gives the mother an added centrality as the *only* female model available to her daughters during their early years—a point to which we will return.

In addition, the family's functions have been drastically reduced in the last century. The family is no longer the chief productive unit of society: only in a declining number of old-style farms or small retail stores do husband and wife share a family economic task; instead, for the vast majority of Americans of all classes, the "isolated" family is tied to the economic system solely through its breadwinner's work. To be sure, the older notion of husband and wife working "side by side" in a common task often recurs as a dream or hope; but for most women it is a practical impossibility. Even those rare couples today who manage to work as a team usually do so outside the home; and most can testify how hard it is to maintain such a husband-wife team in a society that normally considers their marriage relationship detrimental to their objectivity, performance and achievement on the job. Work is no longer a family affair; the "home workshop" has become a place to play; both women and men sharply separate family and work.

What is left for a woman is of course her role as "home-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

maker," "wife-and-mother," nurturer and upbringer of her children. But even here her job has been drastically reduced. Labor-saving devices and modern homes, advances in the packaging and processing of food, the introduction of electricity, running water, bathrooms, refrigeration and telephones into American life, all mean that a woman's housework can be quickly done unless she is truly determined to make a full-time job of housecleaning and cooking. Nor can bringing up children be counted on to occupy a woman's life, for in the past two centuries the family has relinquished many of its child-rearing functions to schools. In a technological society, teaching children adult skills is too complex and essential a task to leave to idiosyncratic families; we therefore remove children from their parents for the better part of the day and "socialize" them in schools where more standardized learning is guaranteed. This approach again both frees women and deprives them of their traditional role as those who teach children the complex skills of adulthood; it leaves mothers responsible for the full-time care of their children for only five or six years.

Finally, new demands on men in their work directly increase the pressures on women. Over the past few generations, men's jobs have become increasingly specialized, increasingly distant from any visible relationship to a useful finished product, more and more demanding of technical skill, expertise, "rationality," and the suppression of emotion, fantasy and passion on the job. More and more, men work "to earn a living," and the real "living" for which they work is increasingly sought within the family, kept separate from the working world by physical distance and social convention. After marriage, the average woman sees nothing of her husband during the working-and-commuting day; and middle-class wives with "successful" husbands often do without their spouses evenings and weekends as well. To make a "career" of marriage is psychologically difficult when one's husband is away for eighty percent of one's waking hours.

And when men are with their wives, they usually need them to make up for what is lacking in their jobs. Like our ideals of recreation, our ideals of family life are defined by contrast with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the demands of our working day. In home or recreation, women are expected to fill the emotional lacunae in their husbands' jobs and to relieve the pressures and tensions they come home with. In family or fun, the good wife should be spontaneous, warm, caring, emotionally responsive, not too practical or intellectual and somewhat passive, yet at the same time consoling and supportive when necessary. Above all, she should not be aggressive, initiating, intellectual, analytic, ambitious or in any other way encourage talents or qualities in herself that might remind her husband of the working world he comes home to forget.

In every nation with an advanced industrial technology, similar changes in medical care, family life and the demands of work have, as in America, begun to alter the situation of women and to create a "problem" where none could have existed two generations ago. But in most other industrial nations the impact of these social changes on women has been attenuated by strong centers of opposition to the new industrial order. Most often, opposition has sprung from traditional institutions and values that long antedated industrialism: in France, the Church and the peasantry; in Japan, "feudal" patterns of familial and social interdependence; in England, an entrenched class system. In each case, these traditional institutions have preserved competing models of family and woman, so that women who remained loyal to the Church, the extended family, or their social class could often be relatively unaffected by the new demands of industrialism. But in America, a nation without a "feudal" past, without an entrenched class system, without an established church or an aristocratic tradition, the impact of industrial society on women has been unusually thoroughgoing and intense.

The lack of an aristocratic tradition in this country is especially important in explaining the special stresses on American women. Traditionally, in Europe, women of the upper classes have had enough leisure and freedom from family needs to permit them, if they chose, to "work" outside their homes. Those who did choose to work gradually developed a positive definition of woman's work, at first concerned with matters charitable and educational, then artistic and intellectual, and finally even scientific or

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

political—a model that in part counterbalanced the negative images of prostitutes, servants and factory workers. But in this country, where aristocratic traditions were weak and highly suspect and where most upper-class women devoted themselves not to intellectual attainment but to ostentatious display, no countervailing image of woman's work could develop. Most American women continue to view work as at best a necessity, to be avoided if possible and borne with resignation if required.

Countless other factors contribute to the special stresses on American women. Industrialization and specialization have been more thoroughgoing here than abroad, and the resulting pressures on the family, on women, and on men's demands on women, have been correspondingly more intense. Our national reverence for youth helps make it difficult for women (or men) to plan realistically for a time in life when neither they nor their children will be young. So, too, our traditional distrust of grand ideologies has inoculated most Americans against that continuing enthusiasm for feminist ideals that exists in other nations. Together, these factors have cooperated to push American women into the vanguard of social change; and it may always be the lot of those who must face an unprecedented historical situation without signposts, models or maps to suffer the most intensely and to blame themselves for their "problems." Without adequate signposts, a vanguard inevitably falls back on outdated guides. In this case, definitions of family, conceptions of womanliness and images of work left over from an era when they were necessary for social survival and congruent with family function have persisted into an era in which they are no longer viable. The result of this cultural lag is the "problem" of American women.

From generation to generation

"Cultural lag" is of course not so much an explanation as a description, and only by examining the reasons why archaic definitions of womanliness have persisted can we understand the ambivalence and reluctance with which most American women confront the need for life outside the family. We cannot hope to deal here with all of the social, cultural and historical factors

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that have contributed to preserve more traditional ideals of woman's role, nor can we consider the enormous variety of outlooks on womanliness in different sectors of American society. Instead we will concentrate on the transmission of images of femininity and masculinity from generation to generation within the family.

The fundamental processes involved in learning the lessons of gender are fairly constant in American society. An American girl first learns what it means to be a woman at her mother's knee. She may decide to be like her mother, not to be like her mother, to be like her in some ways and not in other ways; or she may even believe she has completely forgotten her mother and set out on a new path of her own; but in the background her conscious and unconscious assessment of her mother's life, of its joys, satisfactions, virtues and failings, almost always remains central. In determining this assessment, the mother's conception of her own adequacy as a woman is of enormous importance, but equally momentous is the father's conscious and unconscious conception of his wife. In most stable marriages, these two judgments are (or soon become) complementary; and in our small and "isolated" families where mother and father are the only two adults present to a small girl, their consensus is especially decisive in forming the daughter's view of her sex. So, too, from their parents American girls also learn the meanings of masculinity and, by repeated admonition and example, the precise boundaries between what is desirably "ladylike" and what is undesirably "boyish." Again, if the parents feel and act in concert, these early lessons become so deeply ingrained that they persist unconsciously even for adult women who consciously deny their validity.

Beyond these commonplaces of the learning of sex roles, there are vast differences among American families, differences related to individual idiosyncracy, to ethnicity and social class, to region and religion. But, despite these differences, we know enough of how our society has changed in the last two generations to reconstruct a more or less "typical" pattern of development. Very few of the grandmothers of today's young women worked outside their families; rather, as did ninety percent of late

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Victorian women of all classes in America, they devoted themselves to the care of children, home and husband. In such a family, a daughter was likely to inherit from both mother and father an unambivalent definition of womanliness, which glorified domestic virtues and saw outside work as an unequivocal "fall" to menial status, factory exploitation, or—the ultimate fall—prostitution. The "outside world" was quintessentially masculine; and the sharp lines that separated male and female partly served to protect "innocent" women from a side of life and of themselves seen as potentially dangerous, wild and promiscuous.[6]

In our grandparents' day, this splitting of existence into a dangerous, masculine outside world and a sheltered, protected feminine domestic world was still workable. But for a woman born at the turn of the century and married in the 1920's, the situation began to change. Although she herself may have initially accepted her parents' view of womanhood, the rapid change in the objective conditions of women's lives—the dissipation of the extended family, the lengthening of the life-span, the introduction of laborsaving devices—all these meant that the definition of womanhood that satisfied her mother was less likely to satisfy her. New economic pressures, new job opportunities for women and her own lengthening life-span made it more likely that she would work at some point in her life—either to supplement the family income or to relieve her boredom in a spotless but empty house.

But the fact of working rarely meant joy in working. Given their upbringing, few women were psychologically prepared to enter a "man's world" without inner conflict. In the absence of any positive image of women's work, all ways of construing a job were fraught with difficulty; to find satisfaction in a job inevitably meant to find something heretofore defined as a male prerogative, and often resulted in a feeling of loss of womanli-

[6] The "outside" male world was thus equated with two of the basic forces in instinctual life, aggression and sexuality; and its dangers and attractions for women grew partly out of the negative and positive aspects of these forces. Negatively, women feared the "aggressiveness" and the "promiscuity" in this world and themselves, as epitomized by the "aggressive" career woman, the "promiscuous" fallen woman, or as fused in the prostitute. But positively, they desired a right to be "active" in work and to end the double standard in sexual matters. It was, and still is, difficult for women (like men) not to fear that by seeking these legitimate goals they were also seeking illicit ones, and consequently to "solve" their dilemma by seeking neither.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ness; not to find satisfaction in one's work—and still to work—meant to risk reduction to the role of a menial in one's own eyes. In either case, working seemed to mean not being as good as one's mother, who had "made a go" of a purely domestic life.

Furthermore, husbands of the last generation were rarely happy about wives who moved outside the family. Remembering their own mothers (who had stayed at home), they could seldom confront their wives' outside jobs without feelings of inadequacy. And should the wife work—whether as volunteer or as paid employee—in order to relieve her own frustration and boredom within an empty home, then the husband's guilt and fear would usually be even greater, for this suggested that he, compared to his father, was less able to "satisfy" his wife, to "provide for her" a marriage within which she felt "fulfilled"—with all the myriad sexual and economic implications of these terms. Men, like women, tended to see work as an exclusively male prerogative; and they felt easily unmanned by wives who entered any but a small number of traditionally feminine jobs, such as nursing.

Nor should we overlook the real elements of masculine identification and rivalry in women which were fostered by Victorian definitions of sex roles. The "outside world" of the Victorian male was seen as not only dangerous and wild, but intensely interesting, free and exciting; and the protected "inside world" of Victorian women had its custodial and even imprisoning side. Many a daughter of a Victorian family covertly scorned the domestic docility of her mother and, in her own quest for freedom and excitement, secretly envied and identified with men. Those few who acted on their envy had to accept society's explicit judgment that their demeanor was "mannish" and its unstated suspicion that their behavior was "loose." But most women guiltily suppressed whatever "mannish" and "loose" aspirations they had, and, by compulsive conscious attachment to a "homely" role, denied—even to themselves—the existence of these aspirations.

A young woman of today is most likely to have grown up in a family in which her mother, if she worked, felt at some level inadequate or guilty about it, and if she did not work, felt frustration and resentment at the boredom of her homebound life.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Her father was usually made subtly uneasy by whatever domestic discontents or career aspirations his wife had, and appreciated her most in her homely role. Such attitudes are of course rarely stated as such, but they are nonetheless expressed in countless indirect ways, and are the more powerful because, unstated, they are the harder to confront or oppose. A mother's look of remorse as she leaves for work, her fear of "neglecting" her children, her resentment of her need to work, her failure to discuss her work at home—these are far more expressive than any open discussion of her ambivalence. And a father's deprecation of "mannish" women, his praise for the "truly feminine," and his dislike of women in his own work more effectively tell his daughter what he desires from her than any lecture could. Most fathers and mothers of the last generation implicitly agreed in blaming women for their inability to be happy in a narrowly defined wife-and-mother role, and in seeing women who wanted to work as really wanting to wear the pants.

As often happens, the assumptions and conflicts of parents form the unconscious substratum of inner conflict in their children; the stage was thus set for a continuing, although often unconscious, ambivalence about the relationship between work and womanliness in this generation. But, ironically, both emulation of one's mother and rivalry with her have often led in practice to the same determination to excel in a homely role. The woman who strongly identifies with the best in her mother has usually come unconsciously to define the best as the domestic; the woman who seeks to avoid her mother's failings has usually learned to attribute women's failings to their inability to find fulfillment within the family. And not least of all, many women who naturally enough envy and identify themselves with men's work and freedom cannot admit this envy to themselves because it seems a denial of their femininity; and they often devote themselves to home and family with a passion born partly from fear of their latent discontents.[7]

[7] Even those women who sympathized with their mothers' plight and blamed their fathers for unduly constricting her, often resolved to avoid this plight merely by finding a husband who *would* provide the love (and/or money) to support a wife at home, thus continuing the basic pattern of domesticity.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These same psychological themes can of course lead to very different outcomes in behavior.[8] But it is a rare working woman in whom inner conflict does *not* complicate the practical problems of combining marriage and career, for whom working is *not* accompanied by silent questions about her adequacy and by implicit apprehension about her "envy" of men, and who does *not* at some level consider a career a denial rather than an expression of feminity. On the other hand, few women are able to make a full and lifetime job from reduced family roles—and to remain satisfied and content in their later years. Not surprisingly, those who have escaped inner conflict have been most often recruited from atypical circumstances—from upper-class families or from European backgrounds[9] where a more positive conception of women's work prevails.

A woman's sense of what it is to be a woman, although founded on her relationships with her parents, is of course much more than this. But for most American girls the familistic lessons of their childhoods are merely reinforced by their later education. The curriculum of American schools is primarily oriented toward what are thought to be the special talents of boys, and this emphasis convinces girls that they are not "really good" at the things that matter in the world of men. So, too, girls soon learn that "popularity"—that peculiar American ecstasy from which all other goods flow—accrues to her who hides any intelligence she may have, flatters the often precarious maleness of adolescent boys, and devotes herself to activities that can in no way challenge their sex. The popular girls in high schools are seldom the brilliant girls; or if they are, it is only because they are so brilliant they can hide their brilliance from less brilliant boys.[10] Any girl whose parents support her in an early commitment to a career outside those few that are deemed unthreateningly feminine often

[8] For excellent clinical descriptions of the varied solutions to the "problem" of feminity, see Helene Deutsch, *The Psychology of Women* (New York: Grune and Stratton, 1944–1945), esp. Vol. I, Chaps. V and VIII. Deutsch by and large interprets these solutions within an orthodox psychoanalytic framework. For an interpretation that stresses the importance of cultural factors, see Karen Horney, *New Ways in Psychoanalysis* (New York: Norton, 1939), esp. Chap. VI, "Feminine Psychology."

[9] For example, a remarkable number of women of outstanding scholarly achievement in this country were born in Europe.

[10] James S. Coleman, *The Adolescent Society* (Glencoe: Free Press, 1961), esp. Chap. VI.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spends many miserable years in a public school system. Indeed, most American public schools (like many private schools) make a girl with passionate intellectual interests feel a strong sense of her own inadequacy as a woman, feel guilty about these "masculine" outlooks, perhaps even wonder about her own normality.

At best, adolescence should provide a second chance in life, an opportunity to reassess childhood self-definitions, envies and identifications and to seek out new models of selfhood more appropriate to capacities and opportunities. But as we argued earlier, American society provides few models adequate to the situation of modern women. On the whole, mass media and popular fiction continue to portray career women as mannish, loose, or both; and the happy ending for working girls still involves abandoning work, marrying and having many children—and there the story ends.[11] So, too, many of the potential models have been systematically debunked by the misapplication of psychiatric judgments; thus, few outstanding women have been spared the implication that their achievements spring primarily from neurosis.[12] And the most immediate models of working women available to girls during adolescence—their teachers—are too often unmarried women who have had to pay a high human price for their work. Thus, the selective reorganization and redefinition of childhood images of womanhood that *could* take place during adolescence rarely occur; and during her late teens and early twenties, many a girl who might otherwise be capable of more merely confirms her surrender to the pressures for popularity. Adequate models of adult identification can sustain one against strong internal and social pressure; when they are absent, one surrenders at the first push.

Paradoxically, then, the effect of new technology, of changes in family structure and function, has been to make many—probably most—women even *more* determined to make a go of a wife-and-mother role which objective conditions daily undermine more

[11] Friedan, *op. cit.*, Chap. II, has an excellent analysis of the portrayal of working women in women's magazines.

[12] Cf. F. Lundberg and M. F. Farnham, *Modern Woman: The Lost Sex* (New York: Grosset's Universal Library, 1947), esp. Chap. VII, for an especially vicious treatment of feminists.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

completely. Most young women in this country still cherish the fantasy of a marriage that will totally and automatically fulfill all emotional and intellectual needs, a fantasy that sets the stage for colossal disappointment, guilt and self-castigation when—as increasingly happens—marriage alone is not enough. So, too, most remain enormously ambivalent about the thought of working, to say nothing of finding a "vocation" in work; and even those who secretly enjoy their jobs often find it easier to blame their extrafamilial life on financial need than to admit, even to themselves, that they want or enjoy it. Although the dream-cottage with the built-in totally fulfilling wife-and-mother role has been destroyed by a changing society, most women cling tenaciously and sometimes defensively to this older image and blame themselves for the cracks in the picture window.

Womanliness and work

Assuming that our characterization is adequate, what can be done? Or, indeed, need anything be done? One rejoinder would be to argue that by freely choosing to devote themselves entirely to their husbands and families, women are merely expressing a deeply feminine outlook. But against this, recall that any American woman who has had a family of three children by the time she is thirty years old and who lives to the age of seventy-five will have forty years of her adult life that can*not* under any circumstances be spent primarily in child care. Furthermore, the disappearance of the family as a productive unit means that a woman has few economic functions to perform within the home. Cleaning, cooking, and caring for older children are, even for the most compulsive housewife and conscientious mother, at best part-time occupations. For a girl to dream only of being a happy wife-and-mother thus is a gross denial of reality, a motivated refusal to confront the kind of life she will actually lead.

Furthermore, the choice most women make can hardly be said to be "free" in the psychological sense. We have argued that identification, rivalry, emulation, fear and guilt often make it psychologically impossible for women to respond to changed social conditions, to seize the opportunities that do exist or to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fight for those that do not. Thus we return to the proposition from which we began: the failure of most American women to exploit the potentials open to them or to struggle to create new opportunities stems in large part from their own inner conflicts, from archaic images of womanhood and from family patterns that subtly but effectively discourage commitment to vocation. If our society has not yet availed itself of the talents of women, it is largely because women themselves feel they must hide their talents under a bushel.

Nor can the choice of the wife-and-mother role to the exclusion of all else be seen as merely a "natural" expression of the "eternal feminine," of woman's biological role as bearer and nurturer of the next generation. To be sure, a woman's capacity for biological creativity is and must be central to many of her fundamental concerns, affecting her life-style, her personal relations, her conceptions of time, even her orientation to space. But women express their womanliness differently in every culture; and in our own culture they often express it in ways less than adequate to meet their unprecedented situation. Women need not abandon their distinguishing womanliness: even now, there are the many exceptions to these remarks who are sufficiently free of inner conflict to realize their womanliness both within their families and in useful work outside their homes. The problem is how to open this option to all women.

What, then, can be done to alter the prevailing outmoded definitions of the good life for women? We have already mentioned one major line of improvement—the development of social institutions to support and encourage those women who want or need to work. But if our analysis is correct, an even deeper problem than the lack of opportunities is the lack of unambivalent motivation. And the processes of generational identification, emulation and rivalry upon which such lack of motivation is based are difficult to change by direct social intervention. What parents communicate to their daughters about womanhood, work and femininity can only be affected indirectly, by changing other social agencies, ideologies and models, which may in turn affect patterns of family influence, interaction and identification.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is not a small or simple task, but some of the ways it might be done can be anticipated. For one, the facts we have here emphasized should be continually reiterated to both young men and young women: that most women *will* work, that society has changed so as to make *impossible* the kind of fulfillment within the family that earlier generations found; that unless they work most women—single or married—will find themselves during the greater part of their adulthood with nothing to do. Educational authorities, mass media, schools, all can cooperate in emphasizing the difficulties in an older conception of womanhood and the objective possibilities open to women today.

Women's conceptions of their potentials might also be changed by altering the demands that men—their fathers and husbands—make upon them. Unlike all other "oppressed" groups, women live on terms of intimate interdependence with their alleged oppressors, and this interdependence means that if the lives of men are grossly lacking in some crucial quality, their women will be impelled to develop compensating and opposite qualities. Thus, as we argued earlier, many of the pressures that men exert on their wives and daughters ultimately spring from the lacks in their own work. Could we but make work more humane and more challenging for men, asking less of their patience and more of their imagination, it would be less necessary for women to compensate for what is missing on the job by being passively "feminine" in the home. As it is, a man whose work is essentially dull, monotonous and *un*fulfilling can be only threatened when his wife seeks "self-fulfillment" in her work.

But perhaps the greatest leverage for changing the image of women and their potential could be gained by providing more viable models of womanhood to girls in adolescence. In every community, there are some women who feel little inner conflict between their commitments to their families and their vocations, who manage both with equal womanliness. The existence of such women must be brought to the attention of adolescent girls searching for models for the future. At present, most adolescent girls are confronted with two equally unsatisfactory models—spinster teachers, sometimes embittered, mannish and overly intel-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lectual, and women like their mothers, who usually have the many conflicts about work and womanliness we have discussed. If a third model could be available as well—as housemothers, teachers, advisors and friends—a model that epitomizes marriage *and* career instead of marriage or career, more adolescent girls and young women might break out of these sterile alternatives. We Americans are not an ideological people, and our pragmatism demands visible proof of the possibility of what we advocate.[13] Such proof exists in every community, and were it consistently brought to the attention of girls in the process of defining their future lives as women, they might be better able to avoid the literally impossible alternatives in whose terms many now shape their futures.[14]

All this implies a vision of the possibilities available to women for the first time in history. We would hopefully envisage a society that was not an androgenous world in which men and women were as similar as anatomically possible,[15] but one in which women could make what Erik Erikson calls their "inner space"[16] and their attitude toward their inner creativity felt in the outer world as well—and men could learn to enjoy it. We would hope that women who saw the need to extend their life-space beyond the family would become not less but more womanly in consequence; that in time they would evolve new ways of ex-

[13] Americans, habitually a nonideological and empirical people, have usually been more influenced by exemplary figures than by explicit ideologies, and we feel that adolescent girls who might be suspicious of ideological feminism could still admire women who embodied its virtues. See Carl N. Degler, "Revolution without Ideology: The Changing Place of Women in America," *Dædalus* (Spring, 1964).

[14] Although we have here stressed changing women's view of womanliness and work, it is equally important that men, who are after all the sons, husbands and fathers of women, should alter their conceptions as well. Any attack on the problem would fail unless it came to terms with the inevitable complementarity of expectations of men and women.

[15] Here we disagree with those who would push the social similarity of men and women as far as anatomically possible. This seems to us to ignore the many subtle non-anatomical differences between the sexes and to be potentially dangerous for the sexual identification of children, which largely depends on having parents whose behavior is consistently gender-typed. And even if it were psychologically possible and harmless, a maximally androgenous world would seem to us an undesirably ugly one. Rather than attempt to become more similar, we feel men and women should learn to exploit and enjoy their complementarities in wider areas of life. For an able advocacy of androgeny, however, see Alice S. Rossi, "Equality between the Sexes: An Immodest Proposal," *Dædalus* (Spring, 1964).

[16] "Inner and Outer Space: Reflections on Womanhood," *Dædalus* (Spring, 1964).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pressing, rather than denying, their womanliness in their work; and that the result would be a betterment of work for both men and women. We would hope that Americans of both sexes could gradually abandon outdated images of masculinity and femininity without ceasing to rejoice in the difference. And we would hope that women who were emancipated from voluntary servitude to anachronistic images of "femininity" could abandon outmoded alternatives for more appropriate alternations between the traditional inner world of children and family and new efforts to realize the virtues of this inner world outside the home. Thus, we would hope, the fruitful mutuality and interdependence of men and women that has always existed in love might be extended in the works of society.

Invitation

ERIKA RENON

Come let us walk
and stir the lazy air.
Perhaps the road will bend,
or night might fall,
a bird may stir
or nothing move at all,
except our steps
that measure one short inning
between *les temps perdus*
and a beginning.

✪ ERIKA RENON, who has published poetry in German and English, is now in charge of the map division of the library at Dartmouth College.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hands Across the Sea

DOUGLAS BUSH

SOME YEARS AGO I RECEIVED an interesting letter from an Oxford undergraduate. He had, he said, just sent me a bale of copies of a magazine he and his friends had started: would I distribute quotas of these to bookshops in Cambridge (Massachusetts) and, after a reasonable time, collect unsold copies and return them to him? As compensation for my trouble I might keep five percent of the proceeds. My feelings probably do not need to be described: there is a limit to elderly charity, if not to young ambition. I confess, however, that, while metaphorically biting nails, I forced myself to think of the dreams of youth, and I did meekly and weakly trot around to bookshops with this miserable magazine; and I did collect and return unsold copies, with the money for, I think, two. Such a commission is, one may imagine and hope, unique in Anglo-American annals. As I plodded on my rounds, I wondered among other things what would have happened in the way of cosmic explosions if a student in the United States had shown such brash effrontery toward an Oxford professor; but one could hardly conceive of that.

The fact is that in England the colonial attitude has not yet altogether died out. Most academic Britons, men and women—to stick to the limited world I know—are, intellectually and personally, the salt of the earth, at home or abroad. When they visit the United States they respond with eager interest to ways that are different from their own; they do not patronize and do not throw their weight about. They are well aware of the large American contribution to the world's intellectual stores and draw upon it when they write themselves. With such people, good

✪ DOUGLAS BUSH is Gurney Professor of English at Harvard University, author of *English Literature in the Earlier Seventeenth Century* (Oxford History of English Literature) and other books; and is a Fellow of the British Academy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

citizens of the international commonwealth of intellect and letters, this little piece has nothing to do—except by way of warm salutation. But there is a small minority who do much to turn the academic American's normal Anglophilia into Anglophobia, whether they set off verbal firecrackers at home or appear in person to civilize the natives. These are in all respects the reverse of the good friends briefly described above; they dislike all things American, miss the rightness of all things English, and accept everything that is done for them as only their due, or perhaps less. While some visiting Britons give admirable lectures, these others evidently think that anything will do for the backwoods and offer what an American would not present to a freshman class. One noteworthy lecture I did not hear but heard of: an eminent scientist read, from a journal he held in his hand, an article he had published a couple of years earlier. We may wonder if he would have welcomed as payment a cancelled cheque. It is almost a century since James Russell Lowell wrote of a certain condescension in foreigners, and in his time there was much stronger ground for it—if the ground for condescension is ever strong—than there is now; but, as I say, some English people are still living in that or an earlier period.

Complacent insularity manifests itself in a variety of ways, small and large. A short time ago I had a letter from an English university official addressed to me at "Harvard University, Harvard, Illinois"—as one might say "Oxford University, Boston, Lincolnshire." So far as I am aware, Americans do not propose themselves for posts at Oxford and Cambridge and London, but some English dons of less than exalted standing have no qualms about offering their services to major American universities. One case, although it goes back a good many years, is too remarkable to pass by: a certain worthy scholar, being old and in need and having lost his mind, was shipped off by zealous friends to be head of a department in a Canadian university, where presumably the state of his intellect would not be noticed. One small but revealing bit of insularity is a quaint locution often met in the reviewing and advertising columns of English periodicals: an American book is said to be by "the professor" of history or

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

English or whatnot in his university. Because English universities have traditionally had one "professor" at the top of the departmental hierarchy, it is assumed that all other universities must have followed that pattern, although the American author may be one of a score of professors in his department. One remembers that good old tale of the English newspaper headline, "Storm in the Channel: Continent Isolated." Complacent insularity can be highly imaginative. For another random but specific item one might quote a fantastic statement from an article on the reprint of *Scrutiny,* about "H. A. Mason's book on Humanism and Poetry, which began a new phase in comparative literature, and which is in no small measure responsible for the current revival of classical studies in the U.S.A." (*The Listener,* January 9, 1964, p. 63).

Some English people who have taught or resided for a term or two at one of the lesser American universities can—even if they don't write college novels still stranger than our own—cherish and propagate mirthful memories of students who in knowledge and literacy were far below those of Oxbridge. Professor Marcus Cunliffe, in a relatively knowledgeable account of Harvard and American universities in general *(Encounter,* January, 1960), spoke of mediocrity as if it were peculiar to the United States and quite unknown in England. The fact of frequent inferiority may be granted, since American universities take in a vastly greater proportion of the young, but the conventional comparison is not very logical. The lower ranks of American students should be compared, not with those of Oxbridge (of redbrick standards I know nothing), but with the mass of English youth who receive no formal education at all beyond school (granted also the frequent although by no means uniform superiority of English schools). If Oxbridge is to be the standard, the logical comparison would be with good students at the major American universities and colleges, and these, I think, would not suffer. (I might remark that in courses of my own I have had English graduates both of Oxford and Cambridge who called Donne "Don.") Americans may not have the same degree of specialized knowledge, since they must spend

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

part of their time on areas outside their own; but in England of late there seems to be increased questioning of narrowly professional specialization and some feeling that the broader American theory and practice may be sound. It would seem, on the face of it, a very dubious assumption that an English student, at school or the university or through private enterprise, gets a real equivalent of the American student's acquaintance with literature, history, philosophy, the natural and social sciences, and the fine arts.

To judge from the evidence in print, although there is perhaps less than there used to be, gibes at the American Ph.D. are still current coin in English common rooms and at cocktail parties. Since few English people have any actual knowledge of the program or have ever read a thesis, the topic has the advantage Sir Robert Walpole found in bawdy talk at the table, that all can join in on equal terms. An eminent English scholar once said to me, with the tart finality of a schoolmaster addressing a young culprit: "You don't fail nearly enough candidates." Whatever degree of truth or error this assertion contained, the speaker had no way of knowing anything about our examinations; British superiority was simply an unquestionable fact of life. Some years ago an Oxford professor wrote to the *Times Literary Supplement* to report with amazement and horror that American oral examinations concerned themselves with the basic experience of literature; apparently we should stick to really serious things like bibliography.

The *Times Literary Supplement,* while notably cordial toward American creative writing, has long been notoriously hostile toward American literary scholarship. For a recent attack (June 28, 1963) it brought up its heavy artillery, a middle article of nearly four columns and an editorial of nearly two—all this by way of demolishing an American thesis on social criticism found in doggerel verse of the later nineteenth century. While the reviewer admitted that this book was "a pretty extreme case," both he and the writer of the editorial—and various later correspondents—took it as a sufficient basis for large and lordly generalizations about the American academic elders "under

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whose rule these atrocities are committed." As is usual in polemics of this kind, the extreme case rapidly became the normal. This sort of thing, said the editorial, is "bedevilling a wide range of human thought, particularly, it seems, in the United States." Twenty or thirty years ago, we were told, a few theses were written in England, most of them pieces of original research; they were seldom printed, and, when they were, they were more or less indistinguishable from an ordinary book. Well, if one were so minded, one could write a similar article about academic diseases in England, building likewise on one extreme case, a case dating in fact from those good old days of original research: I remember a published English thesis that tabulated the novels of Hardy in order according to the amount of "gloom" and other elements they contained.

If the champions of better things had been concerned about the truth, they could have learned from the annual bibliographies of recent years that most American doctoral theses are philosophic and aesthetic interpretations of literature that matters; but facts would have checked the free flow of censorious fancy. Of the very large quantity of American scholarly and critical publication—some of it certainly done by immature persons under forced draft—there is of course a portion that should not have been published, or perhaps written, but that is not peculiar to the United States; it looms larger here than elsewhere because a great many more people are engaged in scholarly activities. And, however regrettable such wasted effort is from every point of view, it does not vitiate the high proportion of more or less valuable writing. We may note, too, that, if relatively few doctoral theses are published in England, there have long been books of another and not much better kind that is relatively rare in the United States—that is, superficial popularizations, especially biographies, which contain little or nothing fresh and exist mainly as nice entertainment, and which —as I have remarked elsewhere—are written not only for but by the general reader.

There is in this contrast the element of "Gentlemen vs. Professionals." The amateur tradition in England has a long, hon-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

orable and attractive history, but the modern scholar or critic is bound to be professional if he is to be at all adequate; and during this past generation professionalism has grown rapidly in England, with mainly happy results. The best English scholars and critics are well informed on American and other foreign work. But the insularity of amateurism still appears in books that purport to address people above the general reader. Again and again one still finds the assumption that nothing of importance can have been written outside of England. The consequence is that some English books of scholarly pretensions are out-of-date before they are published.

Anti-American feeling—which owes more or less to resentment over the American position in world affairs—has one cathartic outlet in the reviewing of American books, especially books of literary scholarship and criticism. Some good American as well as English books are praised, and some poor English as well as American books are damned, but there has long been a discernible tendency to damn more or less good American books on general principles. One gets the impression that, for some English reviewers, the prime question is not "Is this a good or a bad book?" but "Is this book by an Englishman or an American?" There is a stock of derogatory adjectives for automatic use on American books—dull, laborious, uninspired, pedantic, ill-written and so on. And quite often the reviewer who derides the book reveals, along with ingrained prejudice, a shallow acquaintance with the subject. I once sent a note of protest about a review of a notably able work that has since taken its place among standard books. The reviewer had devoted one half of his space to denouncing the book and the other half to denouncing American scholarship in general. When I wrote later to ask why my note had not been printed, the editor replied that he could not take account of every little chauvinistic outburst. One would have thought that the guilt of chauvinism lay elsewhere.

Of course we Americans love England, many English people, and English literature, which is our heritage also. But now and then we think that the sour few might look inward instead of across the sea, might ask themselves if a complacent sense of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

superiority is well founded, if they have scrapped the once celebrated spirit of "British fair play," and if they can afford to throw so many pebbles or brickbats when they live in a country where, for instance, Mr. Robert Graves (however fine a poet) delivers at Cambridge and Oxford lectures that embarrass even the solitary reader, where highbrow critics greeted Mr. Colin Wilson as a major prophet, where Sir Charles Snow, as universal sage, dispenses amiable judgments on anything, where devout disciples of Dr. Leavis regard him with a reverence almost equal to his own for himself, and where Dr. Rowse plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels laugh.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Wise Sleep

MAVIS RIORDAN

Everything drowses, heavy, heavy with heat.
The spider, hungry, watchful, does not stir
But sits off-center in her web, aware
Of its faint trembling in the windless air,
Rhythm of the tiny, panic pulse
Of a fly helpless in the fragile mesh.

Low in the currant bush a catbird rests,
Swaying a little, hugging the deep shade;
He would not answer even a taunting jay,
But the jays are silent, this is a silent day
And the sun pours down like honey
From the white cup of the sky.

The boy in the hammock sleeps like a catbird,
Lightly, patiently, hugging his cool dream,
The dream from which he feels no need to try
To escape; he is the spider and the fly
And he is the bird who will wake and cry and feast
When the hot day is over, and the wise sleep.

✪ MAVIS RIORDAN is a literary agent who "finds relief in writing verse which she almost never puts into the market."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hotel Dieu

David Wade

Here stood the men-at-arms
oppressed and languid,
leaning by their pikes
as tigers idle in the night;
here, now the lamps and cobbles shine,
to guard the honor of his grace's house
where he was absolute,
sublime in Tarascon
or crouched exactly, bristling
like a cat in Amiens,
so clear and terrible in monarchy.
Here stood his men-at-arms,
grew old, then died within his pale
and left his house,
his deathmask house,
gracious and gentle
by the mothlight lamp.

Now as the moon rose up
she slipped the grasping cypress,
sharp and thin as witches,
drowned the olives, drowned
the wild meridional night.
See in her silvering
how certainly his fortress stands,
lanced, flying, ranked with martyrdom

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where still the antique lions stare,
still slaver at their rings
upon the old Italian door.

Then sibilant among the poplar trees
the dark wind blew,
the azure, redolent of Camargues,
of the river mouth.
The door swung outward
like a sleeper's arm,
unshuttering a wilderness.
The vault lay open,
arch and tribune shattered in the nave,
fine creepers wandered in the sanctuary.
All was destroyed—
they cannot tell us how the ruin came,
nor how the galilee still stands.

✪ After graduating from Cambridge University in 1952, DAVID WADE spent eleven years in industry, mainly on personnel work and advertising. He has now given this up to devote all his time to playwriting and poetry.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fishing At Dusk

JOAN SWIFT

Deep in their green weeds the fish are sleeping.
Only you and I, old hook, are caught
Between late sky, late ripples in some net
Of silver. See? Even the hills are slipping
Green to amethyst to a gray shine.
And we wait, we wait for a king to love our line.

Fishing is best at dusk, your dim lips say.
The big ones, spooky shadows, stretch and rise
Into the waiting ovals of our eyes.
Now we must think: the iridescent flay
Of fins is a morning game, this dead lull
A stasis where the tide stands, and the gull.

Here come the dogwood, the pine, the red sumac
Down to the water's edge to wave us home.
Return then empty-handed? In our dream
The channel throbbed with salmon and good luck
Had gills. They glide in their sleep, our lithe fish,
Bright as the bay and deep as any wish.

✪ Poems by JOAN SWIFT have appeared in the *New Yorker,* the *Atlantic* and the *Saturday Review*. Mrs. Swift studied last year under Theodore Roethke. "Like every one else," she says, "I'm working on a book of poems."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Illusion of the Two Cultures

LOREN EISELEY

NOT LONG AGO AN ENGLISH SCIENTIST, Sir Eric Ashby, remarked that "To train young people in the dialectic between orthodoxy and dissent is the unique contribution which universities make to society." I am sure that Sir Eric meant by this remark that nowhere but in universities are the young given the opportunity to absorb past tradition and at the same time to experience the impact of new ideas—in the sense of a constant dialogue between past and present—lived in every hour of the students' existence. This dialogue, ideally, should lead to a great winnowing and sifting of experience and to a heightened consciousness of self which, in turn, should lead on to greater sensitivity and perception on the part of the individual.

Our lives are the creation of memory and the accompanying power to extend ourselves outward into ideas and relive them. The finest intellect is that which employs an invisible web of gossamer running into the past as well as across the minds of living men, and which constantly responds to the vibrations transmitted through these tenuous lines of sympathy. It would be contrary to fact, however, to assume that our universities always perform this unique function of which Sir Eric speaks, with either grace or perfection; in fact our investment in man, it has been justly remarked, is deteriorating even as the financial investment in science grows.

Over thirty years ago, George Santayana had already sensed this trend. He commented, in a now forgotten essay, that one of the

✪ LOREN EISELEY, author of books and essays in the domain of the natural sciences, has been devoting himself during a leave of absence from the University of Pennsylvania (1963-64) to some writing of an autobiographical nature. "The Illusion of the Two Cultures" was given at the Symposium held on October 29, 1963, at the Rockefeller Institute in New York, when the Richard Prentice Ettinger Program for Creative Writing (in the sciences), which Dr. Eiseley directs, was officially launched.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strangest consequences of modern science was that as the visible wealth of nature was more and more transferred and abstracted, the mind seemed to lose courage and to become ashamed of its own fertility. "The hard-pressed natural man will not indulge his imagination," continued Santayana, "unless it poses for truth; and being half-aware of this imposition, he is more troubled at the thought of being deceived than at the fact of being mechanized or being bored; and he would wish to escape imagination altogether."

"Man would wish to escape imagination altogether." I repeat that last phrase, for it defines a peculiar aberration of the human mind found on both sides of that bipolar division between the humanities and the sciences, which C. P. Snow has popularized under the title of the two cultures. The idea is not solely a product of this age. It was already emerging with the science of the seventeenth century; one finds it in Bacon. One finds the fear of it faintly foreshadowed in Thoreau. Thomas Huxley lent it weight when he referred contemptuously to the "caterwauling of poets."

Ironically, professional scientists berated the early evolutionists such as Lamarck and Chambers for overindulgence in the imagination. Almost eighty years ago John Burroughs observed that some of the animus once directed by science toward dogmatic theology seemed in his day increasingly to be vented upon the literary naturalist. In the early 1900's a quarrel over "nature faking" raised a confused din in America and aroused W. H. Hudson to some dry and pungent comment upon the failure to distinguish the purposes of science from those of literature. I know of at least one scholar who, venturing to develop some personal ideas in an essay for the layman, was characterized by a reviewer in a leading professional journal as a worthless writer, although, as it chanced, the work under discussion had received several awards in literature, one of them international in scope. More recently, some scholars not indifferent to humanistic values have exhorted poets to leave their personal songs in order to portray the beauty and symmetry of molecular structures.

Now some very fine verse has been written on scientific subjects, but, I fear, very little under the dictate of scientists as such. Rather there is evident here precisely that restriction of imagina-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion against which Santayana inveighed: namely, an attempt to constrain literature itself to the delineation of objective or empiric truth, and to dismiss the whole domain of value that, after all, constitutes the very nature of man, as without significance and beneath contempt.

Unconsciously, the human realm is denied in favor of the world of pure technics. Man, the tool-user, grows convinced that he is himself only useful as a tool, that fertility except in the use of the scientific imagination is wasteful and without purpose—even, in some indefinable way, sinful. I was reading J. R. R. Tolkien's great symbolic trilogy, *The Fellowship of the Ring,* a few months ago, when a young scientist of my acquaintance paused and looked over my shoulder. After a little casual interchange the youth departed, leaving an accusing remark hovering in the air between us. "I wouldn't waste my time with a man who writes fairy stories." He might as well have added, "or with a man who reads them."

As I went back to my book I wondered vaguely in what leafless landscape one grew up without Hans Christian Andersen, or Dunsany, or even Jules Verne. There lingered about the young man's words a puritanism that seemed the more remarkable because, as nearly as I could discover, it was unmotivated by any sectarian religiosity unless a total dedication to science brings to some minds a similar authoritarian desire to shackle the human imagination. After all, it is this impossible, fertile world of our imagination that gave birth to liberty in the midst of oppression, and that persists in seeking until what is sought is seen. Against such invisible and fearful powers, there can be found in all ages and in all institutions—even the institutions of professed learning —the humorless man with the sneer, or if the sneer does not suffice, then the torch, for the bright unperishing letters of the human dream.

One can contrast this recalcitrant attitude with an 1890 reminiscence from that great Egyptologist, Sir Flinders Petrie, which steals over into the realm of pure literature. It was written, in unconscious symbolism, from a tomb:

I here live, and do not scramble to fit myself to the requirements of others. In a narrow tomb, with the figure of Néfermaat standing on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

each side of me—as he has stood through all that we know as human history—I have just room for my bed, and a row of good reading in which I can take pleasure after dinner. Behind me is that Great Peace, the Desert. It is an entity—a power—just as much as the sea is. No wonder men fled to it from the turmoil of the ancient world.

It may now reasonably be asked why one who has similarly, if less dramatically, spent his life among the stones and broken shards of the remote past should be writing here about matters involving literature and science. It was while considering this with humility and trepidation that my eye fell upon a stone in my office. I am sure that professional journalists must recall times when an approaching deadline has keyed up all their senses and led them to glance wildly around in the hope that something might leap out at them from the most prosaic surroundings. At all events my eyes fell upon this stone.

Now the stone antedated anything that the art historians would call art; it had been shaped many hundreds of thousands of years ago by men whose faces would frighten us if they sat among us today. Out of old habit, since I like the feel of worked flint, I picked it up and hefted it as I groped for words over this difficult matter of the growing rift between science and art. Certainly the stone was of no help to me; it was a utilitarian thing which had cracked marrow bones, if not heads, in the remote dim morning of the human species. It was nothing if not practical. It was, in fact, an extremely early example of the empirical tradition that has led on to modern science.

The mind that had shaped this artifact knew its precise purpose. It had found out by experimental observation, that the stone was tougher, sharper, more enduring than the hand that wielded it. The creature's mind had solved the question of the best form of the implement and how it could be manipulated most effectively. In its day and time this hand ax was as grand an intellectual achievement as a rocket.

As a scientist my admiration went out to that unidentified workman. How he must have labored to understand the forces involved in the fracturing of flint, and all that involved practical survival in his world. My uncalloused twentieth-century hand caressed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the yellow stone lovingly. It was then that I made a remarkable discovery.

In the mind of that gross-featured, early exponent of the practical approach to nature—the technician, the no-nonsense practitioner of survival—two forces had met and merged. There had not been room in his short and brutish life for the delicate and supercilious separation of the arts from the sciences. There did not exist then the refined distinctions set up between the scholarly percipience of reality and what has sometimes been called the vaporings of the artistic imagination.

As I clasped and unclasped the stone, running my fingers down its edges, I began to perceive the ghostly emanations from a long-vanished mind, the kind of mind that, once having shaped an object of any sort, leaves an individual trace behind it that speaks to others across the barriers of time and language. It was not the practical experimental aspect of this mind that startled me, but rather that the fellow had wasted time.

In an incalculably brutish and dangerous world he had both shaped an instrument of practical application and then, with a virtuoso's elegance, proceeded to embellish his product. He had not been content to produce a plain, utilitarian implement. In some wistful, inarticulate way, in the grip of the dim aesthetic feelings that are one of the marks of man—or perhaps I should say, some men—this archaic creature had lingered over his handiwork.

One could still feel him crouching among the stones on a long-vanished river bar, turning the thing over in his hands, feeling its polished surface, striking, here and there, just one more blow that no longer had usefulness as its criterion. He had, like myself, enjoyed the texture of the stone. With skills lost to me, he had gone on flaking the implement with an eye to beauty until it had become a kind of rough jewel, equivalent in its day to the carved and gold inlaid pommel of the iron dagger placed in Tutankhamen's tomb.

All the later history of man contains these impractical exertions expended upon a great diversity of objects, and, with literacy, breaking even into printed dreams. Today's secular disruption between the creative aspect of art and that of science is a barbarism that would have brought lifted eyebrows in a Cro-Magnon cave. It

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is a product of high technical specialization, the deliberate blunting of wonder, and the equally deliberate suppression of a phase of our humanity in the name of an authoritarian institution: science, which has taken on, in our time, curious puritanical overtones. Many scientists seem unaware of the historical reasons for this development, or the fact that the creative aspect of art is not so remote from that of science as may seem, at first glance, to be the case.

I am not so foolish as to categorize individual scholars or scientists. I am, however, about to remark on the nature of science as an institution. Like all such structures it is apt to reveal certain behavioral rigidities and conformities that increase with age. It is no longer the domain of the amateur, although some of its greatest discoverers could be so defined. It is now a professional body, and with professionalism there tends to emerge a greater emphasis upon a coherent system of regulations. The deviant is more sharply treated, and the young tend to imitate their successful elders. In short, an "Establishment"—a trade union—has appeared.

Similar tendencies can be observed among those of the humanities concerned with the professional analysis and interpretation of the works of the creative artist. Here, too, a similar rigidity and exclusiveness make their appearance. It is not that in the case of both the sciences and the humanities standards are out of place. What I am briefly cautioning against is that too frequently they afford an excuse for stifling original thought, or constricting much latent creativity within traditional molds.

Such molds are always useful to the mediocre conformist who instinctively castigates and rejects what he cannot imitate. Traditions, the continuity of learning, are, it is true, enormously important to the learned disciplines. What we must realize as scientists is that the particular institution we inhabit has its own irrational accretions and authoritarian dogmas which can be as unpleasant as some of those encountered in sectarian circles—particularly so since they are frequently unconsciously held and surrounded by an impenetrable wall of self-righteousness brought about because science is regarded as totally empiric and open-minded by tradition.

This type of professionalism, as I shall label it in order to distinguish it from what is best in both the sciences and humanities, is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

characterized by two assumptions: that the accretions of fact are cumulative and lead to progress, whereas the insights of art are, at best, singular, and lead nowhere, or, when introduced into the realm of science, produce obscurity and confusion. The convenient label "mystic" is, in our day, readily applied to men who pause for simple wonder, or who encounter along the borders of the known, that "awful power" which Wordsworth characterized as the human imagination. It can, he says, rise suddenly from the mind's abyss and enwrap the solitary traveler like a mist.

We do not like mists in this era, and the word *imagination* is less and less used. We like, instead, a clear road, and we abhor solitary traveling. Indeed one of our great scientific historians remarked not long ago that the literary naturalist was obsolescent if not completely outmoded. I suppose he meant that with our penetration into the biophysical realm, life, like matter, would become increasingly represented by abstract symbols. To many it must appear that the more we can dissect life into its elements, the closer we are getting to its ultimate resolution. While I have some reservations on this score, they are not important. Rather, I should like to look at the symbols that, in the one case, denote science and, in the other, constitute those vaporings and cloud wraiths that are the abomination, so it is said, of the true scientist, but the delight of the poet and literary artist.

Creation in science demands a high level of imaginative insight and intuitive perception. I believe no one would deny this, even though it exists in varying degrees, just as it does similarly among writers, musicians or artists. The scientist's achievement, however, is quantitatively transmissible. From a single point his discovery is verifiable by other men who may then, on the basis of corresponding data, accept the innovation and elaborate upon it in the cumulative fashion that is one of the great triumphs of science.

Artistic creation, on the other hand, is unique. It cannot be twice discovered as, say, natural selection was discovered. It may be imitated stylistically, in a genre, a school, but, save for a few items of technique, it is not cumulative. A successful work of art may set up reverberations and is, in this, just as transmissible as science, but there is a qualitative character about it. Each reverberation in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

another mind is unique. As the French novelist François Mauriac has remarked, each great novel is a separate and distinct world operating under its own laws with a flora and fauna totally its own. There is communication, or the work is a failure, but the communication releases our own visions, touches some highly personal chord in our own experience.

The symbols used by the great artist are a key releasing our humanity from the solitary tower of the self. "Man," says Lewis Mumford, "is first and foremost the self-fabricating animal." I will merely add that the artist plays an enormous role in this act of self-creation. It is he who touches the hidden strings of pity, who searches our hearts, who makes us sensitive to beauty, who asks questions about fate and destiny. Such questions, although they lurk always around the corners of the external universe that is the peculiar province of science, the rigors of the scientific method do not enable us to pursue directly.

And yet I wonder.

It is surely possible to observe that it is the successful analogy or symbol that frequently allows the scientist to leap from a generalization in one field of thought to a triumphant achievement in another. For example, Progressionism in a spiritual sense later became the model contributing to the discovery of physical evolution. Such analogies genuinely resemble the figures and enchantments of great literature, whose meanings similarly can never be totally grasped because of their endless power to ramify in the mind.

John Donne, in the seventeenth century, gave powerful expression to a feeling applicable as much to science as to literature when he said devoutly of certain Biblical passages: "The literall sense is alwayes to be preserved; but the literall sense is not alwayes to be discerned; for the literall sense is not alwayes that which the very letter and grammar of the place presents." A figurative sense, he argues cogently, can sometimes be the most "literall intention of the Holy Ghost."

It is here that the scientist and artist sometimes meet in uneasy opposition, or at least along lines of tension. The scientist's attitude is sometimes, I suspect, that embodied in Samuel Johnson's remark that, wherever there is mystery, roguery is not far off.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yet surely it was not roguery when Sir Charles Lyell glimpsed in a few fossil prints of raindrops the persistence of the world's natural forces through the incredible, mysterious aeons of geologic time. The fossils were a symbol of a vast hitherto unglimpsed order. They are, in Donne's sense, both literal and symbolic. As fossils they merely denote evidence of rain in a past era. Figuratively they are more. To the perceptive intelligence they afford the hint of lengthened natural order, just as the eyes of ancient trilobites tell us similarly of the unchanging laws of light. Equally the educated mind may discern in a scratched pebble the retreating shadow of vast ages of ice and gloom. In Donne's archaic phraseology these objects would bespeak the principal intention of the Divine Being, that is, of order beyond our power to grasp.

These images drawn from the world of science are every bit as powerful as great literary symbolism and equally as demanding upon the individual imagination of the scientist who would fully grasp the extension of meaning that is involved. It is, in fact, one and the same creative act in both domains.

Indeed evolution itself has become such a figurative symbol, as has also the hypothesis of the expanding universe. The laboratory worker may think of these concepts in a totally empiric fashion as subject to proof or disproof by the experimental method. Like Freud's doctrine of the subconscious, however, such ideas frequently escape from the professional scientist into the public domain. There they may undergo further individual transformation and embellishment. Whether the scholar approves or not, such hypotheses are now as free to evolve as the creations of art in the mind of the individual. All the resulting enrichment and confusion will bear about it something suggestive of the world of artistic endeavor.

As figurative insights into the nature of things, such embracing conceptions may become grotesquely distorted or glow with added philosophical wisdom. As in the case of the trilobite eye or the fossil raindrop, there lurks behind the visible evidence unseen vast shadows no longer quite of that world we term natural. Like the words in Donne's Bible, enormous implications have transcended the literal expression of the thought. Reality itself has been super-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seded by a greater reality. As Donne himself asserted, "The substance of the truth is in the great images which lie behind."

It is because these two types of creation—the artistic and the scientific—have sprung from the same being and have their points of contact even in division, that I have the temerity to assert that, in a sense, the two cultures are an illusion, that they are a product of unreasoning fear, professionalism and misunderstanding. Because of the emphasis upon science in our society, much has been said about the necessity of educating the layman and even the professional student of the humanities upon the ways and the achievements of science. I admit that a barrier exists, but I am also concerned to express the view that there persists in the domain of science itself an occasional marked intolerance of those of its own membership who venture to pursue the way of letters. As I have previously remarked, this intolerance can the more successfully clothe itself in seeming objectivity because of the supposed open nature of the scientific society. It is not remarkable that this trait is sometimes more manifest in the younger and less secure disciplines.

There was a time, not many centuries ago, when to be active in scientific investigation was to invite suspicion. Thus it may be that there now lingers among us, even in the triumph of the experimental method, a kind of vague fear of that other artistic world of deep emotion, of strange symbols, lest it seize upon us or distort the hard-won objectivity of our thinking—lest it corrupt, in other words, that crystalline and icy objectivity that, in our scientific guise, we erect as a model of conduct. This model, incidentally, if pursued to its absurd conclusion, would lead to a world in which the computer would determine all aspects of our existence; one in which the bomb would be as welcome as the discoveries of the physician.

Happily, the very great in science, or even those unique scientist-artists such as Leonardo, who foreran the emergence of science as an institution, have been singularly free from this folly. Darwin decried it even as he recognized that he had paid a certain price in concentrated specialization for his achievement. Einstein, it is well known, retained a simple sense of wonder; Newton felt like a child playing with pretty shells on a beach. All show a deep humility

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and an emotional hunger which is the prerogative of the artist. It is with the lesser men, with the institutionalization of method, with the appearance of dogma and mapped-out territories that an unpleasant suggestion of fenced preserves begins to dominate the university atmosphere.

As a scientist, I can say that I have observed it in my own and others' specialties. I have had occasion, also, to observe its effects in the humanities. It is not science *per se;* it is, instead, in both regions of thought, the narrow professionalism that is also plainly evident in the trade union. There can be small men in science just as there are small men in government, or business. In fact it is one of the disadvantages of big science, just as it is of big government, that the availability of huge sums attracts a swarm of elbowing and contentious men to whom great dreams are less than protected hunting preserves.

The sociology of science deserves at least equal consideration with the biographies of the great scientists, for powerful and changing forces are at work upon science, the institution, as contrasted with science as a dream and an ideal of the individual. Like other aspects of society, it is a construct of men, and is subject, like other social structures, to human pressures and inescapable distortions.

Let me give you an illustration. Even in learned journals, clashes occasionally occur between those who would regard biology as a separate and distinct domain of inquiry and the reductionists who, by contrast, perceive in the living organism only a vaster and more random chemistry. Understandably, the concern of the reductionists is with the immediate. Thomas Hobbes was expressing a similar point of view when he castigated poets as "working on mean minds with words and distinctions that of themselves signifie nothing, but bewray (by their obscurity) that there walketh . . . another kingdome, as it were a kingdome of fayries in the dark." I myself have been similarly criticized for speaking of a nature "beyond the nature that we know."

Yet consider for a moment this dark, impossible realm of Fayrie. Man is not totally compounded of the nature we profess to understand. He contains, instead, a lurking unknown future, just as the man-apes of the Pliocene contained in embryo the future that sur-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rounds us now. The world of human culture itself was an unpredictable fairy world until, in some pre-Ice-Age meadow, the first meaningful sounds in all the world broke through the jungle babble of the past, the nature, until that moment, "known."

It is fascinating to observe that, in the very dawn of science, Bacon, the spokesman for the empirical approach to nature, shared with Shakespeare, the poet, a recognition of the creativeness that adds to nature, and that emerges from nature as "an art which nature makes." Neither the great scholar nor the great poet had renounced the Kingdome of Fayrie. They had realized what Bergson was later to express so effectively, that life inserts a vast "indetermination into matter." It is, in a sense, an intrusion from a realm that can never be completely subject to prophetic analysis by science. The novelties of evolution emerge; they cannot be predicted. They haunt, until their arrival, a world of unimaginable possibilities behind the living screen of events, as these last exist to the observer confined to a single point on the time scale.

Oddly enough, much of the confusion that surrounded my phrase, "a nature beyond the nature that we know," resolves itself into pure semantics. I might have pointed out what must be obvious even to the most dedicated scientific mind: namely, that the nature which we know has been many times reinterpreted in human thinking, and that the hard, substantial matter of the nineteenth century has already vanished into a dark, bodiless void, a web of "events" in space-time. This is a realm, I venture to assert, as weird as any we have tried, in the past, to exorcise by the brave use of seeming solid words. Yet some minds exhibit an almost instinctive hostility toward the mere attempt to wonder, or to ask what lies below that microcosmic world out of which emerge the particles that compose our bodies, and that now take on this wraithlike quality.

Is there something here we fear to face, except when clothed in safely sterilized professional speech? Have we grown reluctant in this age of power to admit mystery and beauty into our thoughts, or to learn where power ceases? I referred a few moments ago to one of our own forebears on a gravel bar, thumbing a pebble. If, after the ages of building and destroying, if after the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

measuring of light years, and the powers probed at the atom's heart, if after the last iron is rust-eaten and the last glass lies shattered in the streets, a man, some savage, some remnant of what once we were, pauses on his way to the tribal drinking place and feels rising from within his soul the inexplicable mist of terror and beauty that is evoked from old ruins—even the ruins of the greatest city in the world—then, I say, all will still be well with man.

And if that savage can pluck a stone from the gravel because it shone like crystal when the water rushed over it, and hold it against the sunset, he will be as we were in the beginning, whole—as we were when we were children, before we began to split the knowledge from the dream. All talk of the two cultures is an illusion; it is the pebble that tells man's story. Upon it is written man's two faces, the artistic and the practical. They are expressed upon one stone over which a hand once closed, no less firm because the mind behind it was submerged in light and shadow and deep wonder.

Today we hold a stone, the heavy stone of power. We must perceive beyond it, however, by the aid of the artistic imagination, those humane insights and understandings that alone can lighten our burden and enable us to shape ourselves, rather than the stone, into the forms that great art has anticipated.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Modigliani and the Art of Painting

EDGAR LEVY

THERE IS A LEGEND, truer than the truth, that Amedeo Modigliani never sold a picture during his life. But when he died in Paris in 1920 it is probable that a great many of the portraits, and other pictures too, that he had painted during the dozen or so years of his professional life were in the hands of people who had bought them from the artist. Most of these purchasers would have been the sitters themselves; they had gotten their portraits painted at bargain prices, ranging from ten to sixty francs. Other pieces, sculpture as well as paintings, had gone to collectors of independent mind in France and England in the course of the years since about 1908, when the artist had been in his early twenties. So it would appear that Modiglianis were well circulated around Paris, and around London also, before 1920.

Yet it is true that he was a failure during his lifetime. The fiasco of his first one-man show is typical of his troubled career. His friend and patron since 1916, Leopold Zborowski, indigent himself, had made tremendous sacrifices to help Modigliani. In 1917 he arranged an exhibit at the Galerie Berthe Weill at which he hoped to launch his artist. Two nudes were placed in the gallery's windows to advertise the show. And the police promptly closed it down on the ground of indecency. Three years later, chronically ill, alcoholic, drug-addicted, Modigliani died at the age of thirty-six.

It is bitterly ironical, therefore, that almost from the day of his death the hitherto nearly worthless canvasses were eagerly sought after and became objects of inestimable value. Not so many years later, any matron following after fashion knew enough to replace the old chromo in the living room with a shiny paper portrait

✪ EDGAR LEVY, painter, writer and teacher, is currently at work on a series of three paintings entitled, "A History of New York, 1920–1960." He teaches at Pratt Institute.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Jeanne Hébuterne—or with that other token of heartbreaking struggle, Van Gogh's "Sunflowers."

What *is* the central element of Modigliani's genius, so obscure during his life and so immediately apparent on his death? It is often glibly said of a great artist whose work, like Modigliani's, is appreciated only posthumously, "He was ahead of his time." That is not so; every man belongs in his time—although many seem to lag behind. But time, we have been taught and must believe, is a subjective category of experience. We make our time, each one of us. What we must say of Modigliani is that he stamped and, in greater measure than most men, gave identity to the years in which he worked. Because that identity is still palpable, because it extends into our days and will spread in time for generations, we say, ingenuously, that he was ahead of his time. What we imply is that ordinary men around him, ticking off fractions of seconds, were dwarfed by a giant who could mold and cast half a century.

That is what art does. It gives shape to time. And great art carves out immense chunks. I think it is beyond the temporal horizon of any living man to envision a future that will have thrown off the impress of Modigliani.

André Salmon, Maurice de Vlaminck, Paul Guillaume and others have left memoirs concerning him. They saw him living in appalling circumstances, helped him to obtain portrait commissions for a few francs, knew his middle-class Jewish background, his socialist leanings. But with a curious unanimity, almost as if by some arranged consensus, each remembered and made a point of his aristocracy.

Photographs of Modigliani confirm their impression and there was undoubtedly a nobility about his pride and his bearing. It is a justifiable conceit to attribute this to his artistic inheritance. For his aristocracy was rooted in ancient beginnings that were transmitted all the way from Giotto through Masaccio and Piero della Francesca with appropriate renovations to Botticelli. After Botticelli this confident and uncomplicated view of the world was caught up in a more entangled vision and only after four centuries did the pure strain emerge in Modigliani. True, Cézanne had helped to clarify the formal connection, and African

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sculpture, through its influence on Picasso and others, had proved that the intensity achieved in the fourteenth century was still possible, and for the same reasons. These had to do with single-minded concentration on the work and its immediate subject, with the most severe exclusion of inferences beyond those of the original dialogue, that between artist and model.

I do not claim that this concentration had no other representatives in the long interim. The history of French painting is interspersed with them, Chardin and Corot, for example. In Holland there was Vermeer, and above all there was Rembrandt. But within the severe formal structure made explicit first in Giotto, that is, within the formal structure that was dedicated solely to the celebration of three-dimensional objects, Modigliani was the first in four hundred years with a like expressive intent. To illustrate this distinction, contrast a painting by one of the earlier Italians, say Piero, with one by Rembrandt. A famous "Madonna and Child with Angels" by Piero is in the Ducal Palace at Urbino. An equally famous "Holy Family with Angels," by Rembrandt, is in the Hermitage in Leningrad. These are very different pictures; about all that they share is a similarity of subject matter and the intensity of the artists' expression. Lengthier treatment would probably reveal that, compared point for point, the two pictures show everywhere the same basic disparity. But one particular difference is relevant to this discussion. That difference has to do with the artists' formal procedures. Piero della Francesca, working in a more austere manner than Rembrandt, builds the plastic structure of his picture as if it were sculpture. He rounds his figures with careful modeling, contrasts dark and light only with an eye to producing solid form, without reference to the effects of illumination itself. The architectural background is crisp and severe: depth is attained by a geometricized perspective. Rembrandt's picture is not less spacious but the devices by which he secures his effect owe little to geometry or to the strict modeling technique used by Piero. Instead he relies on the dynamics of the picture, the movement and disposition of the figures. Finally he introduces an element foreign to Piero. He floods his painting with golden light, which, in its fall from the group of angels to the head of Mary, performs

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pictorial miracles. It casts shadows, for one thing (a device resorted to only sparsely, if at all, by the earlier Italian masters, and then with a sort of suspicious reluctance), and these shadows do much of the picture's work.

We have learned to call this technique Baroque; it would have been unthinkable to the Classicist minds of the Italians of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. But hardly a painter in later years has failed to resort to these procedures in some measure. It is indicative of the ambivalent nature of the "neoclassic" art of Poussin, David and Ingres that even when adopting the most outwardly austere manner they permitted these devices in their pictures, almost subliminally.

It is probable, I think, that this dichotomy—the Classicist as against the Baroque (or Romanticist)—no longer has the weight it once had. We are sometimes oversimple in acknowledging that we live in a Romanticist era. But what is closer to the mark is that Classicism, as it has appeared at intervals in the history of Western art, each incarnation successively more remote from its Attic original, is no longer possible. Having discovered the unconscious, we are in no position to undiscover it. And with the sense of the working of the unconscious in our artistic affairs, the old notions of Classicism fly out the window. But from the antithesis of Classicist, Romanticist, we do not, evidently, move to a synthesis, for in the two great masters of twentieth-century painting, Picasso and Modigliani, we are confronted by something that parallels the old opposition.

I cannot presume to coin new terms for these tendencies that have outworn old titles without clearly shaking them off. But I think that it is possible to outline the mode Modigliani worked in and toward this end I deal first with a misconception.

The constraints inherent in this mode have led to the allegation that Modigliani was a mannered artist. But he was neither mannered, nor a Mannerist. Mannerism* is devious, Modigliani is forthright. It is important to note here that there is a distinction between Mannerism and the mannered, as has been pointed

* The attributes of Mannerism do not need enumeration here; Erwin Panofsky, Nikolaus Pevsner, Walter Friedlaender and others have defined it amply. What might be useful to remember is that it is considered by modern art historians as a style quite valid in itself, representing a sharp reaction to a normative classicism.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out by Arnold Hauser, who remarks that they often coincide. I should go further and affirm that although Mannerism in its great exemplars is never mannered, mannered art is always Mannerist. Mannered art, therefore, is a proper subset of Mannerism. It is engendered by the artist's abandonment of the fusion of form and content, splitting these aspects of the picture apart in order to play bloodlessly with one or the other, with form or content—usually with form, sometimes with both. The hallmarks of mannered art are affectation, posturing, empty virtuosity. Hollow though these qualities are, mannered art has its merits. Its immediate pleasures are cleverness and the ornamentation of idleness that Gilbert and Sullivan poked fun at in *Patience,* pleasures certainly carried to excess by Oscar Wilde. But consider the mannered art of Aubrey Beardsley. It is much more than mere entertainment. In the long run even mannered art contributes to art's main stream. Let art become shallow and sentimental; mannered art is an efficient although drastic corrective. By adoption of an attitude essentially unconcerned with deep emotion, mannered art helps to show that art uses human sentiments as ingredients with which to produce its effects; and that it must not use its effects to produce this or that sentiment. At other times art wanders afield; it forgets that it is not science and assumes an investigative rather than a revelatory office. For such a lapse mannered art, by overstressing the artifice and thus emphasizing technical means, reminds art to restrain an impulse to catalogue.

It is not hard to understand that Modigliani is often mistaken for a Mannerist, but to see him as mannered is not to see him at all. A dose of mannered art might have been expected after the Impressionists, whose investigations were carried out in a scientific spirit and who created art almost by inadvertence. Yet only Odilon Redon, and possibly Toulouse-Lautrec, reacted in the predictable way. But their influence, strong as it was and transmitted as it was to the early Picasso—and to the early Modigliani—was brought up sharply by a more commanding force, that of Cézanne. Cézanne was the most dissatisfied of the Impressionists, but in moving away from Impressionism he skirted Mannerism—and the mannered—by a wide margin. His concern

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was too immediately connected with one of the artist's ultimate realities, the geometry of his world, ever to approach it indirectly, or to dally along a detour. The Cubists continued this pursuit and, up to the time of the First World War, they deferred the appearance of either mannered or Mannerist art.

Inevitably it was when Cubism gave up its Cézannesque insight around 1915 and turned to a decorative form that mannered art appeared in Cubism, notably in the paintings of Juan Gris.

Modigliani had been subject to the same influences that stirred other young painters, influences ranging from Toulouse-Lautrec to African sculpture, and for a time he adopted the Cubist technique. But he did not follow it into its mannered phase. It is, indeed, the sign of Modigliani's pure style that at the time many of his friends were adulterating their Cubism, and his mentor Brancusi was producing the most mannered sculpture of the century, he turned his attention more sharply than ever to the enduring realities of his sitters.

What, then, about the exaggeratedly ovoid heads, the long necks, the almond-shaped eyes, as many as not without pupils? Are these not affectations? Is this not an elliptic and mannered approach to painting? These are distortions, true enough, but the mannered artist distorts for decorative reasons, that is, to achieve a design, or for something like rhetorical effect—to exhibit some special facility. But Modigliani's distortions are formed by an affectionate and sensitive hand, searching for truths about his sitters. For this there is need of simplified forms, without irrelevancies that will subtract from the coherence of the statement. Then, too, these faces are masks; for Modigliani, and by a modern paradox for most of us, only a mask wears the features of the soul.

At all times his focus was narrow and at the height of his expression it was decidedly so. With the exception of a very few landscapes done close to the end of his life, his pictures are figure pieces, and these fall in the main into two classes. One consists of portraits, half-figure or head in simple frontal pose, infrequently in profile, before a very simple background. The others are female nudes; most of them recline head to left, legs outstretched to right, although there are a few very beautiful seated nudes as well.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Only the unobservant will believe, however, that he was restricted by these limits in the depth of his feeling or the flight of his imagination. The portraits, for all the mark of Modigliani's vision that is impressed on them, are each a unique person, and a good likeness as well. I had been talking about Modigliani's portraits with a friend and said, unreflectively, "They can't be very good likenesses—they're all sisters and brothers."

"That's not so," he said. "I once came across a photograph of a group of Paris personalities in the twenties, and I was able to identify two-thirds of them because I had seen their portraits by Modigliani."

So, too, the nudes inhabit many different worlds of feeling from the ironic and the wry to the monumentally brooding. And thus one can go on finding in Modigliani not the whole spectrum of human feeling but a wide band of it from the almost blithe, through the melancholy, to the quietly tragic. The population of his pictures is a sector of the world that leaves much out but that nevertheless is complete in itself.

His circle is closed, self-subsistent; its only communion with the broader world is through the eyes of the viewer. This is a characteristic Modigliani shares with his fourteenth- and fifteenth-century Italian forebears. Masaccio's famous fresco of the "Tribute Money," even though it contains two incidents separate in time, is an example, *par excellence,* of such a microcosmos. It has an almost mathematical closure. There is the sense that whatever will happen to the group of figures in the picture is explicit.

By contrast consider a Tintoretto "Last Supper," the celebrated one in San Giorgio in Venice, for example. In all this bustle it is hard even to count how many people are at the table (although we know what the number is supposed to be). And if one or two or a half-dozen more were to wander through the composition, it might alter its dynamic balance but it could not surprise us. We leave it with the feeling that almost anything can happen, whereas the life of Masaccio's painting, we may be sure, goes on without a ripple.

The distinction I am making is a little like but not the same as the well-known one made by Heinrich Wölfflin, that of closed and open form, with which he signifies the opposition of Classi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cist and Baroque art. Rembrandt, although a Baroque artist throughout and therefore "open" by Wölfflin's dictum, often created just the sort of closed company with which Masaccio presents us. It is true that, often, he created the opposite. Compare the open-ended "Night Watch" with the self-contained "Syndics of the Drapers' Guild."

Rather than use the words "closed" and "open," so easily confused with Wölfflin's terminology, I propose the antonyms, "bound" and "free," as almost self-explanatory. Thus Masaccio's painting is bound: its action and its elements, but most particularly its expressive tone, are restricted to bounds firmly established when the painting was made. The San Giorgio "Last Supper," on the other hand, was free from the moment it left Tintoretto's brush. It will be subject to as many interpretations as it has perceptive viewers. It was never limited, dramatically, by the intention of the artist.

If, therefore, adopting these descriptions, we call the portraits of Modigliani "bound," it may be objected that this is to be expected in portrait painting, where there is, after all, only one figure in the picture. One has only to think of a typical portrait by Franz Hals to prove otherwise. Surely these gay people, beckoning with lips and eyes, are free and easy in an aesthetic sense, too. Most modern portraits are closer to this pole than to Modigliani's. There is an absence of privacy in a distorted portrait by Picasso, an open invitation in one by Matisse, that conduces to the freest intercourse. But even with a multitude of observers, a Modigliani speaks separately, quietly, to each one.

Here, to reiterate, is the quality that links Modigliani with his great predecessors, and I think no other modern artist exhibits it in such a marked degree. Into this restrained and isolated community of pictures he condensed a deeper and more woeful humanity than dozens of painters who fling figures and shapes around with uninhibited frenzy.

It is a world of unremitting pain and desperate anxiety, but a world we cherish nevertheless for its balms of tenderness, of courage, and of beauty, for the lovely bodies of women and for its solid substance. In all this he is the painter of our passion: our Giotto.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Man and Magic

First Encounters with the Machine

OSCAR HANDLIN

MAN CONFRONTS THE MACHINE with trepidation. Mechanization serves humans and also threatens them. Complex contrivances do the work of hundreds of laborers and also create profound social displacements. Enormous power that can send a craft into outer space can, misused, destroy life. What we admire, we therefore also dread.

These ambivalent attitudes have a long history that antedates by a good deal the period of high industrialization. The hopes and fears now attached to the machine, long ago also moved men whose wildest imaginings did not conceive the ingenious apparatus that became commonplace in the twentieth century.

In 1854 Herman Melville was living in Berkshire County, Massachusetts. Bitterly disappointed at the failure of *Moby Dick* and *Pierre,* he had tried unsuccessfully to secure a consular appointment. A somber mood undoubtedly influenced his work of this period. He wrote comparatively little—only a few short stories and those not among his best. Yet one among them was a significant social document.

In it Melville described a paper factory, such as existed in his vicinity. The whole setting was dismal, and in accord with the gloom of the author. The Devil's Dungeon Paper Mill occupied a large whitewashed building "like some great white sepulchre." Passing through it, the narrator saw the "blank-looking" girls "pale with work," each a "tame minister" tending an "iron animal."

✪ OSCAR HANDLIN is Winthrop Professor of History at Harvard University and Director of the Center for the Study of the History of Liberty in America there. His book, *The Uprooted,* won the Pulitzer Prize in History in 1951; *The Americans,* his most recent book, was published in 1963.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Machinery—that vaunted slave of humanity—here stood menially served by human beings."

At last the narrator stood before a great new $12,000 machine. "Something of awe now stole over me, as I gazed upon this *inflexible* iron animal. . . . What made the thing I saw so specially terrible to me was the metallic necessity, the unbudging fatality which governed it." The dismay and foreboding of this account were far removed from the idyllic descriptions, common at the time, of the wonders of Lowell and of its cheerful ladies of the loom. Melville's personal sense of depression made him more acutely sensitive to some human problems than his contemporaries and gave his observations special value.

The Massachusetts paper mills were neither very large nor particularly harsh in their treatment of employees. They were depressing because they harnessed those who labored there to a routine. The rows of girls stood before the machines like "so many mares haltered to the rack." They were totally controlled; and it was not right they should be so bound.

Underlying that protest was an unexpressed grievance against the machine as such. Routine was not necessarily an undesirable circumstance of human life. In other contexts, it stood for order and regularity. For the husbandman bound to the cycle of his crops, for the sailor who stood his appointed order of watches, routine was not debasing, as the mechanical pattern was. The routine established by the machine differed from that established by the seasons or by the orbit of the sun because it took no account of human considerations, because it operated in an uncongenial setting, and because it detached man from the natural forces that should regulate his life.

The iron animal enslaved those who served it. It went its own way, while the people bound to it ceased to be free. It limited man's will; and since it took no cognizance of moral consideration, it also limited his ability to make choices of good over evil.

The mechanical monster was particularly frightening because it was installed in the factory, in which labor was organized in a novel manner. The factory brought together workers in numbers that theretofore had only been managed through some form of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

servitude. An entrepreneur in 1800 who tried to conceive of how a hundred people should be mobilized and brought to act in coordination with the machine could fasten on but few precedents. He could imagine a military company or a ship's crew, a monastery or a poorhouse or a gaol. In each of these agglomerations, the essential element that permitted the coordination of many persons was a rigid code of discipline that curtailed the individual's freedom. It was no coincidence that the architecture of the early factories had much in common with that of the barracks, the military camp and the prison. Hence the foreboding that the power of the machine in this setting would constrict personal liberties.

In the factories, the machine exerted an unnatural effect upon the people who tended it. The routine of the farmer had been coordinate with the forces of the visible world around him, or at least it seemed so. The alterations of the seasons told him when to plant and when to reap; the rising and the setting sun told him when to begin his labors and when to rest. The machine disregarded all such considerations and operated at its own pace, winter and summer, day and night.

The new regime detached work from the other aspects of life. Melville's narrator asked why the operatives of whatever age were "indiscriminately called girls, never women." The answer was: "the fact of their being generally unmarried—that's the reason. . . . For our factory here, we will have no married women; they are apt to be off-and-on too much. We want none but steady workers: twelve hours to the day, day after day, through the three hundred and sixty-five days." They were all maidens and would remain so.

In time, the machine would be tended also by married women, as well as by men, boys and girls. But the situation Melville found was nevertheless symbolic. The early efforts at paternalism in some places quickly faded; and the workers confronted the enterprise alone in a relationship that was purely economic. All those who entered the factory did so as detached individuals. Within its gates, they were not members of families or of groups but isolated integers, each with his own line on the payroll; nothing extraneous

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

counted. During the working hours, the laborers had no other identity than that established by the job. From being people who were parts of households, known by a whole community, they had been reduced to being servants of the machine. Hence the shock of such men as Melville in the initial encounter with what was to come.

Through most of the nineteenth century, however, these doubts agitated few but the intellectuals. Now and then the artisans displaced by the machines expressed their resentment in Luddite riots and in political hostility to the great corporations. But the masses actually employed in the factories accepted their new situation with surprising equanimity. Often they suffered from difficult conditions of labor and from even more difficult conditions of life. But their trials were tempered by a sense of confidence in the human capacity to master the devices that humans had fabricated. They were sure that man could control and use the enormous power of the machines.

They were encouraged in that belief by the fact that the experience of factory labor was not altogether as discontinuous with their past as it seemed to outsiders. The physical setting, for example, was not totally different. The earliest factories appeared in the rural countryside, not far removed from the familiar landscape of open fields, streams and woods. They used waterpower for a long time and thus gave the appearance of mills more complex than those familiar to every man, but essentially the same. Nor were the machines, whether of wood or iron, totally strange. The waterwheels, the great drive shafts and pulleys that dominated these plants embodied no essential new principles. To onlookers they were impressive in their ingenuity and power, but the manner of their operation was clearly visible and seemed but to extend and improve devices with which men had long been acquainted.

The nineteenth-century factory could be understood in terms of widespread attitudes, particularly strong in the United States, but also characteristic of Western society as a whole. Modern man was a tinkerer; he continually sought to avoid labor and to spare himself excessive strain. For generation after generation, he had

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

searched for improvements toward that end; and the first machines of the nineteenth century were simply extensions of familiar techniques. It was characteristic, for instance, that one of the earliest American utopian works to conceive of invention as a way of liberating man from labor had a thoroughly rural setting. In Mary Griffith's *Three Hundred Years Hence* (1836), great machines, moved by some internal power, did all the work of agriculture.

Therefore, the machine could also be regarded as man's liberator, as Étienne Cabet had suggested it would be in *Voyage en Icarie*. In the series of great expositions that began at the Crystal Palace in London in 1851 and ran down through the end of the nineteenth century, the focal point was often the array of new machinery treated as symbolic of the age. The American commissioners to the Paris Universal Exposition of 1867 published six volumes of observations on the inventions exhibited there. In the introduction to their report, Secretary of State William H. Seward explained that it was "through the universal language of the products of labor" that "the artisans of all countries hold communication." Industrialization was "in the interests of the mass of the people" for it promoted "an appreciation of the true dignity of labor, and its paramount claims to consideration as the basis of national wealth and power." Far from fearing that the machine would debase man, Seward was confident that it would elevate him to new dignity.

By and large, the nineteenth century clung to its optimism. Edward Bellamy, John Macnie and the utopian novelists of the 1880's and 1890's had no doubt that the machine would liberate mankind through the abundance it created. They did not deny that it would also harness man to its service. But they welcomed the consequent routine, the regularity and the order. Bellamy explained that the idea of *Looking Backward* came to him when he "recognized in the modern military system" the prototype of the Industrial Army that manned his utopia. The men of the year 2000 had "simply applied the principle of universal military service . . . to the labor question." The gains in efficiency and affluence that followed solved all the problems of freedom raised by doing so.

H. G. Wells supplied a perfect encyclopedia of these hopes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the future. Beginning with his *Anticipations* (1902), a succession of roseate works showed the machine transforming and improving human life, which would evolve toward ever more centralized control. One state, one language, one ruling will would organize all men into efficient productive units. Indeed there would be no need at all for human labor as a source of energy. "Were our political and social and moral devices only as well contrived to their ends as a linotype machine . . . or an electric tram-car, there need now . . . be no appreciable toil in the world." Despite the anticipatory fears of those concerned with the future of man's spirit, in the last analysis there was faith that the machine remained a product of man and would obey his command.

Both the hopes and the fears persisted on beyond the turn of the century. Men continued to expect that the machine would compensate for the deficiencies of their own society and would resolve in the future the problems with which they could not deal in the present. *The Shape of Things to Come,* as H. G. Wells saw it, was dominated by industrial plenitude that was a product of invention. Self-consciously the engineers assumed that they could not only make the machines run but manage society as well; and the technocrats envisioned a mechanical order, efficient, antiseptic and capable of dealing with any contingency.

Yet doubts always offset the confidence. Karel Čapek's *R.U.R.* in the 1920's created a sensation in its nightmare vision of a robot's universal which completely dominated humanity. The greatest of the popular artists, René Clair and Charlie Chaplin, in *À nous la liberté* and *Modern Times,* expressed an identical protest: the assembly line made man its slave, repressed his emotions and crushed his individuality. He could escape to freedom only by revolting against the machine. In *Brave New World* and *1984,* Aldous Huxley and George Orwell stood utopia on its head. The necessity for mobilizing large groups along military lines, which provided Bellamy with his Industrial Army, to these writers established a terrifying engine of oppression.

Much in these protests had a familiar ring; to a considerable degree these artists repeated the criticisms Melville had already

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made much earlier; to some extent their revulsion was the general response of the artist or the machine. Yet, there were indications that the threat after 1900 was increasingly menacing, the machine more dangerous to humanity than ever before.

The numbers involved were much larger than in any previous era. The factory no longer counted its employees in the scores, but in the thousands; and that increased the impersonality and rigid discipline of the plant. The analogy to the army became closer and more frightening as individual identity diminished in importance. The hordes that passed through the gates each morning had to be accounted for and their time put to a precise, measured, profitable use. Before the turn of the century, Frederick W. Taylor had already outlined the principles of industrial management; and the demands of efficiency were served with increasing severity as the decades passed. Technological innovation became not only an end in itself but also a means of establishing greater control over the labor force. The more enlightened enterprises recognized the importance of human relations; but they did so as a means of increasing their efficiency, and the devices they used had the further effect of manipulating the lives of their employees.

An altered environment increased the external pressures upon personality. In the second half of the nineteenth century the factories had become urban, either through the growth in the size of the towns in which they had been located or through the shift to metropolitan centers. All the difficulties of industrial experience were therefore compounded. The machine, the factory and the city became identified as a single entity oppressive of man.

Finally, toward the end of the nineteenth century, the machine itself changed. Regarded from the perspective of the onlooker, the first indication of the transformation was visual. In the factories built in 1900, the drive shafts and the pulleys were no longer visible. Power was transmitted through wires and tubes—often hidden—and the whole was covered up and shielded so that the machine gave the appearance of being self-contained and autonomous. The onlooker no longer saw a comprehensible apparatus; he saw an enclosed shape actuated by a hidden source of power from which the products flowed by an occult process.

Some of the changes in design were incidental to other pur-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

poses. The demands of safety, for instance, often produced the shields that concealed the mechanism of operation. Other modifications were aesthetic, although even those were related to the meaning the machine held for men. An unbroken sheet of black metal seemed more pleasing to the eye than a complex of belting and gears because it conformed to the idea of the machine as self-contained.

The application to the machine and to industry of electricity was an even more important break with past human experience. Men had been experimenting with various manifestations of electricity for two hundred years, but it remained a mysterious force, somehow confused with galvanic magnetism, somehow related to the secret of life, but not popularly understood, not as comprehensible as water and steam power had been. Even after a multitude of appliances had brought it into every home, few men could grasp how a current passing through a wire created light and sound or turned the wheels of great machines.

The growing gap between the machines and their users widened steadily. In the twentieth century it was no longer the tinkerer who was inventor. The innovations were less likely to be products of industrial experience than of a science that stood quite apart from the rest of life; the people who operated the machines understood neither the instruments they served nor the technical fund of knowledge that shaped the industrial process. The old fear that the "iron animals" would deprive man of his humanity was intensified by the fact that the machines were the products of a science that had itself become increasingly alien to the mass of men.

In Melville's day, there had still been no sharp distinction between the scientist and other men or between science and other kinds of learning. All knowledge was continuous and essentially of one sort; and it was accessible to anyone who had the wit to seek it. Higher education was then somewhat more formally organized than it had been in Franklin's Philadelphia, where a printer studied electricity, or a glazier, mathematics or a politician, philosophy or a farmer, botany. But the structural changes that isolated science from modern life had only just begun.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the second half of the nineteenth century they proceeded rapidly and radically. Knowledge became specialized, professionalized and institutionalized. The three tendencies were interrelated and each had the effect of creating a closed body of skills and information not accessible to the uninitiated.

Specialization was the product of forces inside and outside science. The mere accumulation of data stored up in libraries and journals made it increasingly difficult for any individual to master more than a limited sector of any field. It seemed to follow that the more limited the field the more readily could it be mastered; and that, in itself, further encouraged specialization. In addition, the emphasis upon classification as the first step in all inductive learning induced scientists to mark out, and concentrate in, a distinctive and circumscribed field of research. Finally, the growing rigor of the tests for validation required constantly improved techniques; and it was a rare individual who commanded more than one set. Science became the province of the expert who excelled in the one subject he knew thoroughly.

The result was a high degree of compartmentalization. C. P. Snow's discussion of the "Two Cultures" has obscured the genuine issue. The problem was not so much the existence of two distinct—literary and scientific—cultures, but rather the fragmentation of all knowledge into a multitude of different disciplines, each familiar only to its own initiates. A chemist was not much more able to discourse with an astronomer than with a sociologist, or an economist with an anthropologist than with a physicist. The overlapping of techniques, language and subject matter kept some lines of communication open, but each field was really known only to those who specialized in it.

The tendency toward specialization certainly contributed to the great advances of modern science. But it also demanded such a high degree of competence that it, in fact, excluded the amateur and made the practice of science entirely professional. Learning now required a prescribed course of preparation; it imposed defined canons of judgment and validation; and it developed the *esprit de corps* of a coherent and united group.

Finally, specialization and professionalization tended to institutionalize science. Not only did research become so expensive that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no individual could buy his own telescope, computer or cyclotron, but the organization of scientific enterprise increasingly fell into forms established by government, business, universities and foundations. These features facilitated the great achievements of the past century. They were also responsible for the developing gulf that set scientists off from other men.

Science, as a body of defined knowledge, had its own needs and set its own standards. But the population not served by science had needs of its own which it satisfied through its own ways of knowing. Side by side with the official defined science there appeared a popular science, vague, undisciplined, unordered and yet extremely influential. It touched upon the official science, but did not accept its limits. And it more adequately met the immediate requirements of the people.

The popular science was not always less correct, by our own standards, than the official science. It would be hard to assert with confidence, for instance, that the faith healing, nature cures and patent medicines of the 1890's were less effective than the ministrations of the graduates of recognized medical schools; or that the vision of the universe exposed in the Sunday supplement was less accurate than that of the physics textbook. By the tests of practice —of whether it worked—popular science did as well as the official science.

The deficiencies of popular science were of quite another order. It formed part of no canon that marked out its boundaries or established order among its various parts. It consisted rather of discontinuous observations, often the projection of fantasy and wish fulfillment, and generally lacking in coherence and consistency. Above all it embraced no test of validity save experience. It was as easy to believe that there was another world within the crust of the earth as that there were other worlds in outer space. One took the little pills; the pain went away. One heard the knocking; the spirits were there. The observable connections between cause and result were explanation enough. It was unnecessary to seek an understanding of the links in the chain between the two.

Popular science, in other words, was magic. The men and women who moved into the highly complex and technically elaborate industrial society of our times simply assimilated the phe-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nomena about them in terms of the one comprehensible category they already knew, that of magic. And it was thus too that they understood the defined science of the laboratory and the university. The man who pressed a button and saw the light appear, who turned a switch and set the machine in motion, felt no need to understand electricity or mechanics; the operations he performed made the limited kind of sense that the other mysterious events of life did.

The machine, which was a product of science, was also magic, understandable only in terms of *how* it worked, not of why. Hence the lack of comprehension or of control; hence also the mixture of dread and anticipation as in the past.

The complex relationships among man, magic and the machine, were foreshadowed in a modern version of one of the seminal human myths. Frankenstein is a dedicated young man who seeks knowledge to help mankind. He is a scientist who discovers the secret of life through the study of electricity, galvanism and chemistry, and applies his formula to create a machine-monster.

The monster quickly proves himself superior in power to the man. In the confrontation, the machine gives the orders: "Slave, I before reasoned with you, but you have proved yourself unworthy of my condescension. Remember that I have power. . . . I can make you so wretched that the light of day will be hateful to you. You are my creator, but I am your master;—obey!" It is no coincidence that the machine will seem the master to many men in modern society.

Within the limits of the story, the question properly rises: why does the monster become the oppressive master of men? It was not evil to begin with or created out of deliberate malice.

The machine speaks once more: "Once my fancy was soothed with dreams of virtue, of fame and of enjoyment. Once I falsely hoped to meet with beings who pardoning my outward form would love me for the excellent qualities I was capable of unfolding. . . . I cannot believe that I am the same creature whose thoughts were once filled with sublime and transcendent visions of the beauty and majesty of goodness. But it is even so; the fallen angel becomes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a malignant devil." And it is even so that modern men will continue to think of the machine and of science—potentially good yet capable of perpetrating a frightful catalogue of sins.

The question remains: why this ominous foreboding, which antedated industrialization and was confirmed by it?

Mary Shelley later recalled the circumstances under which the idea came to her, in 1816, while she listened to her husband and Lord Byron pass the long evenings in talk by the shores of Lake Leman. Often their conversation turned to science and particularly to the mystery of electricity and to experiments in creating life through galvanism. And a vision suddenly came to her of the dreadful "effect of any human endeavour to mock the stupendous mechanism of the Creator of the world." The impiety inherent in the magic of which they spoke invited retribution.

Mary Shelley gave her novel a subtitle, *The Modern Prometheus*. She was thus aware of the connection of her theme with the ancient myth of the punishment visited upon the being who robbed heaven of fire for the benefit of man. It was a theme that her husband had also treated and that had recurred for centuries and would continue to recur in Western imaginative writing.

Even the most optimistic imaginations long continue to shudder with that primeval fear. "This accursed science," exclaims H. G. Wells, "is the very Devil. You tamper with it—and it offers you gifts. And directly you take them it knocks you to pieces in some unexpected way. Old passions and new weapons—now it upsets your religion, now it upsets your social ideas, now it whirls you off to desolation and misery!" The ability to work miracles leaves the world "smashed and utterly destroyed."

In their first encounters with the machine some men, like Melville, already recognized it as a monstrous defiance of natural order and shuddered at the possible consequences. Their nineteenth-century contemporaries, however, were mostly dazzled by the enormous utility of the machine. But when it later lost its familiarity and became identified with the magic of science, the old terror welled up; they would be punished for the use of that forbidden fire that was of such great service to them. The trepidation wells up in us still.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To William Wordsworth from Virginia

Julia Randall

I think, old bone, the world's not with us much.
I think it is too difficult to see,
But easy to discuss. Behold the bush.
His seasons outmaneuver Proteus.
This year, because of the drought, the barberry
Is all goldflakes in August, but I'll still say
To the First Grade next month, "*Now* it is Fall.
You see the leaves go bright, and then go small.
You see October's greatcoat. It is gold.
It will lie on the earth to keep the seed's foot warm.
Then, Andrew Obenchain, what happens in June?"
And Andrew, being mountain-bred, will know
Catawba runs too deep for the bus to get
Across the ford—at least it did last May,
And school was out, and the laundry wouldn't dry,
And when the creek went down, the bluebells lay
In Hancock's pasture-border, thick as hay.

What do they tell the First Grade in Peru,
I wonder? All the story: God is good,
He counts the children, and the sparrow's wing.
God loved William Wordsworth in the spring.
William Wordsworth had enough to eat.
Wye was his broth, Helvellyn was his meat,
And English was his cookstove. And where did words
Come from, Carlyle Rucker? Words that slide
The world together. Words that split the tide

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Apart for Moses (not for Mahon's bus),
Words that say, the bushes burn for us—
Lilac, forsythia, orange, Sharon rose—
For us the seasons wheel, the lovers wait,
All things become the flesh of our delight,
The evidence of our wishes.

Witch, so might
I stand beside the barberry and dream
Wisdom to babes, and health to beggar men,
And help to David hunting in the hills
The Appalachian fox. By words, I might.
But, sir, I am tired of living in a lake
Among the watery trees and weedy blue
Shadows of flowers that Hancock never grew.
I am tired of my wet wishes, of running away
Like all the nymphs, from the droughty eye of day.
Run, Daphne. Run, run, Europe. Io, run!
There is not a god left underneath the sun
To balk, to ride, to suffer, to obey.
Here is the unseasonable barberry.
Here is the black face of a child in need.
Here is the bloody figure of a man.
Run, Great Excursioner. Run if you can.

✪ JULIA RANDALL has written two volumes of verse, is a former *Sewanee Review* fellow, and currently teaches English at Hollins College.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Dragon Hunt

MARY BARNARD

THE DRAGON, LIKE THE GUEST SPEAKER AT A BANQUET, needs no introduction. Everyone has had some previous acquaintance with dragons in fairy tales, hagiology, opera, painting and sculpture, or festival pageantry. Dragons cause eclipses by swallowing the moon; they are vanquished by gods, kings or heroes; they are made drunk on mead or tamed with holy water; they bring good luck at the New Year. The dragon's one unchanging characteristic is his reptilian or serpentine body. He is a monstrous, snakelike creature, ubiquitous and nonexistent. He may be feathered, horned or fiery, male or female, evil or benign.

Some eager students of mythology and folklore have hunted the dragon around the world in the hope of finding the ancestor of all dragon-kind in the East, West or Middle East. Others have tried to find the genesis of the dragon in the symbolism of the Unconscious. Others see in him a memory of giant reptiles long since extinct. Anyone who makes a painstaking comparison of dragon myths will surely conclude as I have that, while some dragon plots have very likely been passed along or exchanged between neighboring peoples, the dragon as mythomorph has been invented repeatedly. Once invented, he easily takes his place among other mythological *personae*, gods and heroes, often as a contestant in an annual battle. As for his symbolism, that differs from one myth to another, and the effort to make all dragons emanate from one unconscious fear or desire is useless. Dragons have been described as symbolic of clouds, fire, rivers, darkness, time, evil, the unknown, one's father, the *status quo*, the Milky Way, the heavenly movements, and other assorted phenomena. Saint George's dragon is symbolic of heresy. The ancient Babylonian dragon Tiamat, a female who figured in the creation drama, is said to have been symbolic of chaos; at any rate she was subdued, bound, cut in half, and placed

✪ MARY BARNARD's "The God in the Flowerpot" appeared in the Autumn, 1963, SCHOLAR. Both that article and this one are part of a book in preparation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

over and under the earth to form the heavens and the waters beneath the earth. The Mayan dragon wears constellation symbols on his flank and pours floodwater from his mouth. The pursuit of dragon symbolism is entertaining, but it gets us nowhere so far as the genesis of the dragon is concerned. We have to account first for the creature's existence, then turn to the great variety of vehicles —oxcarts, sleighs, gigs and triumphal chariots—to which he has been harnessed.

Where *is* the dragon? If a child asked us in the month of July, "Where is Santa Claus now?" and if we were determined to be done with this nonsense (which is the way I feel about dragons), we might take the little question-box up to the attic and show him a red padded suit and a set of false white whiskers laid away in mothballs waiting for next Christmas. Likewise, if we were to go to the nearest Chinatown and hunt down the dragon, we should find his rippling hide, his great painted and gilded head laid away in a storeroom, waiting for the Chinese New Year. When that day comes, he will be taken out and paraded through the streets, frisking on perhaps a hundred prancing feet in an animated serpentine dance. Except for his greater size, the Chinese dragon resembles almost exactly the dragon called *La Tarasque,* of Tarascon in southern France, whose reptilian body was animated by eleven gentlemen. A twelfth, who served as leader of the dance, wore the dragon head and worked the mechanical jaws and the snort. *La Tarasque* made her appearance in the streets twice annually, once at the Feast of Pentecost, and again on Saint Martha's Day, when a young girl impersonating the saint led her through the streets on a ribbon and tamed her obstreperous movements with a dash of holy water.

These are real dragons, or at any rate real versions of imaginary dragons. Usually, I believe, it is assumed that the festival dragon was invented as an impersonation or representation of an already familiar mythological dragon haunting the seas, skies or forests. But is there any good reason for that assumption? Was the archetypal dragon first conceived in the imagination and later impersonated by dancers, or was he not, rather, invented by the serpentine dancers themselves when one of them suddenly cried: "Look, we're making a big snake!" I confess that the second hy-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pothesis had never entered my head until I noticed the association of the dragon myth and the annual festival, especially that of the New Year, and the parallel association between the serpentine dance and the New Year celebration. In China, where the dragon is most at home, the two are one; and certainly a conga-line of naked dancers is nothing but a naked monster snake—a naked dragon. Isn't this, then, a possible genesis of the dragon, an archetype first observed in the flesh and elaborated in the imagination?

If we ask which is older, the snake dance or the dragon, the answer is surely in favor of the dance. Wolfgang Köhler's observation of his apes improvising a follow-the-leader dance around a pole would indicate that this kind of play might well be older than speech. If the mind of the ape harbors dragon images we shall probably never find out about them. I doubt that it does. The snake dance, at any rate, must have been invented spontaneously in different ages and in different parts of the earth, and has continued as a popular dance to the present time. The round and the serpentine are the two simplest forms of social dancing; and the serpentine, perhaps because an unlimited number of dancers can take part in it, is the most popular of all carnival dancers. Even in societies where caste distinctions are rather rigid and the sexes do not often share the same pastimes, the serpentine may be all-inclusive.

Bernardine de Sahagun described Aztec dancers, men and women, chieftains and others, who formed "one single big snake" that danced until the sun went down. Other observers have spoken of dances that resembled gigantic centipedes. This is the logical descriptive metaphor that we use ourselves whenever we speak of a "serpentine" or "snake" dance. In England a procession of schoolchildren marching two-and-two is a "crocodile," broader and not so long, but having a head and a tail and an undulant, purposeful movement.

Anyone who has stood on a high point after dark, and watched a lighted train twisting through the valley below him, will agree that a fiery snake or worm is the image that immediately comes to mind. I have never had the experience, myself, of standing on a hillside at night to watch a serpentine torch dance on the plain below me, but surely such a dance would appear to the observer as a giant snake with fiery coils. I have never watched a snake

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dance in which the dancers wore feathered headdresses and cloaks, but if I should see one, I imagine that it would put me in mind of a monstrous feathered serpent. When the first priest, sorcerer or leader of the dance put on an animal mask with horns, the horned dragon appeared upon the face of the earth. When the animal-headed snake dance, coiling around a tree or funeral mound, joined head to tail in a round dance, the Midgard serpent was born. In northern mythology he encircled the earth; in the astrological tradition he became the symbol of Saturn.

The more I have considered the dragon as a mythomorph originating in the snake dance, the serpentine or spiral procession, the more the possibility has grown on me. If I am right, the dragon is animated as the snake dancers move, and takes his appearance, including his color, from their costume. The next question to ask ourselves is, What does the dragon do? Aside, that is, from swallowing his own tail?

First, dragons engage in duels. Throughout the East, Middle East and West, the dragon can be found in combat with another dragon or a hero. A mock battle is, again, a typical feature of folk festivals, especially at the New Year. The contest may be a tournament, a tug-of-war, a pantomime battle between two men costumed as lions, a wrestling match or other athletic competition, an archery contest, a sword dance, or even a Rose Bowl game. Sometimes the dancing dragon appears to be combined with a ritual or dramatic combat, at least in the myths, and possibly in the annual performance of the myth as well. In real life there have been, we know, symbolic combats between the forces of summer and winter, costumed in red on the one side and white on the other, like so many chess pieces. In a Celtic myth, on the other hand, we have two dragons, one red, one white, who fought every May Day eve on Salisbury Plain. According to one version, the Celtic dragons were overcome when they passed out after drinking too much mead, a likely enough end for festival dragons. They were then folded away in a chest and buried in a hillside in Wales. The Celtic pair has a parallel in China where two dragons contend endlessly for their mysterious "pearl"—apparently the moon—in an ancient tradition. The Babylonian dragon called Tiamat (mentioned above) was conquered by Marduk in a New Year performance; and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Illuyankas, another drunken dragon, was defeated by the chief god of the Hittites in another New Year drama. When the dragon's head is severed from its tail, the head sometimes fights on alone, a feat easily accomplished by dragon dancers.

Dragons are also guardians. Like festival dancers they are forever coiling around sacred trees or sacred wells. In Greek mythology we hear of a fiery dragon who guarded the sacred well at Thebes: in death he was metamorphosed into two bodies of armed men who fought each other until all were killed. Another tree-encircling dragon was guardian of the Golden Fleece; he was put to sleep by Jason with juices from Medea's herbs. A third Greek dragon, Ladon, guarded the tree of golden apples in the Hesperides, and now winds his sinuous length around the celestial pole as the constellation Draco. In the North there was Fafnir, guardian of the Rhinegold, whose blood on Sigurd's tongue gave understanding of the speech of birds. There are in Hindu mythology two giant serpents guarding the honey of eternal life in the Himalayas; and so it goes. The guardian becomes an antagonist when his treasure is threatened by the protagonist of the drama.

The mythological forests are full of dragons, so many that a tour of their lairs might weary my reader. In case he cares to go exploring on his own, let me recommend the Japanese eight-headed dragon made drunk on eight tubs of saké and dispatched by a sword drawn from his own tail, the same sword that still forms part of the Japanese imperial regalia. Then there is the Python, vanquished by Apollo, and the seven-headed Hydra killed by Hercules. There is the dragon killed by King Arthur's father, Uther Pendragon ("Dragon's Head"), who erected Stonehenge to commemorate the event. Saint Margaret was swallowed by a dragon whose sides burst open, allowing her to emerge unharmed, a legend paralleling the well-known mythology of the eclipse-dragon who swallows the moon or sun.

The eclipse-dragon is too complex to deal with here, since a proper discussion of eclipse myths involves both an astronomical knowledge of eclipses and a discussion of the swallowing myths (like that of Saint Margaret) in general. I shall only say that the man who had never heard of, or seen, or imagined a dragon elsewhere, could never have *seen* a dragon in either a solar or lunar

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eclipse. There are swallowing dances of the London Bridge type, as well as swallowing myths; the swallowing dance is related to the snake dance as the swallowing myth is related to the dragon myth. The reader who wishes to toy with the juxtaposition of these themes can easily find examples of both. I can warn him, however, that he will soon find himself following the twisted paths traveled by the souls of the dead through dragonlike labyrinths and spiraling labyrinthine dragons, some choreographic, some architectural. Eventually the dragon's jaws become the Jaws of Hell itself. Good luck to the adventurer. Others have gone that way and returned, or so they say.

There are among all these dragon myths problems of relationship that will probably never be solved. Is the Hittite Illuyankas, for instance, a second-cousin-once-removed of Babylonian Tiamat? The overlapping mythological roles of serpents and dragons raise other questions. The *nāga* of Hindu mythology is half-serpent, half-human, like Mélusine when she took her Saturday bath, or Lilith in Italian Renaissance painting. The Hindu eclipse-dragon is a *nāga* with human head and cobra body, entirely unlike the Chinese dragon of the eclipse although their roles are identical. Certainly there have been borrowings; also snakes themselves account not only for snake mythology but for elements in dragon mythology. Snake symbolism is almost as varied as dragon symbolism, and it would be wonderful indeed if the two themes did not overlap. The dragon, however, is not a snake but a serpentine monster, large enough for a man to walk into his open jaws; he may be feathered, winged, horned, with a lionlike or wolflike head, with lion claws or bird talons. He is not a cobra, not a rattlesnake, not even a dinosaur. He (or she) performs at festivals and plays an important part in festival mythology. Ubiquitous and yet unreal, the dragon is more at home in carnival plays and pantomime than it has ever been in theology, natural history or abnormal psychology.

The origin I have suggested for the dragon would have two advantages: it would account both for the independent invention of the same (or virtually the same) mythomorph in widely separated and very diverse cultures, and at the same time it would account for the borrowing and lending of dragon plots wherever the "big snake" already existed, not as a symbol, but as a form of play.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Portrait

Melville Cane

HIRAM HAYDN

Ironically, one's first impression of Melville Cane, unless one chances on him while he is already laughing, is that of melancholy. In repose he has a mournful face—until one looks at his eyes. Then one realizes one's first impression is incorrect. They are blue, clear and vital. They see *through*. And the wrinkles on the face speak for laughter as well as pain and sorrow.

At eighty-five he walks unhurriedly, but there is a jaunty air about him. And this, combined with the long deceptively mournful face (some furtive association in my mind always seats him at the Mad Tea Party in *Alice in Wonderland*—he's not the March Hare, he's not the Mad Hatter, he's not the Dormouse—yet I see him sitting there; perhaps he is Lewis Carroll), gives him at times a gravely comic air.

A friend of Melville Cane has said something of this sort, with more dignity. From the days when Mr. Cane went to college with Alfred Harcourt and Donald Brace it was fated that he should have a close association with the great publishing house of Harcourt, Brace—as author, lawyer, director. Its present president, William Jovanovich, has this to say about Mr. Cane: "He shares with Chagall the saving characteristic of finding life too serious to be viewed seriously—it is perhaps a characteristic of the Judaic tradition which has enabled one to recognize joy amidst tragic circumstances and identify the absurdity inherent in whatever seems momentous."

I am groping toward a description of Melville Cane's style. As a conversationalist he is generations younger than his chronological age, both in his interests and in his exploitation of deadpan humor. He is a master of what has come to be called "the throwaway." His touch is too light and sure to put up with any heavy underlinings, burlesque exaggeration on the one hand or sentimentality on the other.

This can be illustrated by many aspects of his nature and his relationships. His is an astringent wit with only a refreshing sting, and a loyalty and affection without schmaltz. Indeed, what he wrote about Helen Hokinson in a line of his light verse (remember the words from Mr. Jovanovich): "More kind than Swift, more frolicsome than Thackeray . . ." is as true of Mr. Cane as he found it of Helen Hokinson. However comical the predicament, there is always that saving human strain in Melville Cane's treatment of it. I think of that marvelous stanza from his poem "Orchestra Notes," a stanza that says more about the universal human plight than many pretentious poems:

> Pity the hapless drummer!
> What man's lot could be glummer?
> Tense with concern,
> Waiting his turn
> To release his appropriate bang or two.

And whenever he talks about those friends who have been dearest to him, his favorite teacher, George Edward Woodberry, his lifelong friends, John Erskine and Alfred Cohn, or one of the authors whom he served as lawyer, but also came

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to count a real friend—say Sinclair Lewis or Jan Struther—there is the mixture as before, part love and part amusement, akin to George Meredith's description of the Comic Spirit: "A volley of silvery laughter. . . ." And this volley may be, and frequently is, turned as effectively and serenely upon himself.

At times his gift for satiric comment grows sharper, but never unless the object of the comment is massive enough to shake off the barb. Take the poem about Gertrude Stein called "Askew, We Ask You," which first appeared in the *New Yorker:*

Gertrude—there's a good old scout!
What's it what's it all about?
Hear a tortured hemisphere
Begging you to make it clear.
Drop a clue or slip a hint
Touching on the what-you-print,
What-you-print and what-there's-in't.

Abdicate the role of sibyl,
At your secret let us nibble.
Pray divulge, reveal, disclose
In communicable prose
Why a rose a rose a rose.

Are you willfully obscure?
Are you puerile or mature?
We are anything but sure.

Are you spoofing or profound?
Is there sense within the sound?
Will you properly expound?

Is your highly Orphic text
Meant for this world or the next?
We concede we are perplexed.

Is it genius, is it sham?
Parlor game or cryptogram?
Will you answer kindly, Ma'am?

Are you hollow or a mine?
One remembers Shakespeare's line:
"Sermons lie concealed in Stein."

Gertrude answers, slightly bored:
"Gertrude is her own reward."

I am tempted to devote even more space to this side of Melville Cane, but there is too much else to say. One last example. When I asked his permission to attempt this portrait and his help in selecting some twenty-five or so of his favorite poems, he complied and sent me the following brief note: "Here is a fair mixture [of poems]. If this can't inspire you, I will be compelled to look elsewhere. MC." The most characteristic and intentional ambiguity of "compelled to look elsewhere" leaves one to wonder, first, for more poems? then, for poems by other poets? and finally, humorously, and I think most pertinently, for another biographer.

There is too much else to say. One doesn't know this man long, this interesting combination of successful lawyer and first-rate poet, before one realizes that under the exterior, the manner, the style and stance that I have been trying to describe, there are deep, rich veins of another sort. I have seldom, for instance, known a man with so real a regard for precision and accuracy of thought, of word, of appropriate spirit, who at the same time had so deep and painfully scrupulous a concern for those richer, more subtle truths where thought meets with emotion. Some of this is in his poem "Minutiae":

The precise, single second when the tide turns,
The degree of pain between a twitch and a twinge,
The hairline between the just-too-much and the not-quite-enough,
The exact telegraphy and registry of intuitions,
The refinement of the cloudy general into its luminous particulars;—
Each fresh discovery of sleeping differences,
Each shade and grade and tint,
Each new and sharp nuance,
Each hard-won nicety,
Rejecting the merely-approximate,
The short-of-accurate,
The too-readily-acceptable,—
All these,
(Momentous minutiae!)
So dear to man's concern.

It is fitting surely (although this appropriateness is often honored in the breach) that this regard for, this vigilant love and practice of, the truthful should be matched by a courage and constancy that are rarely found. Here is a poet who in the face of family need felt he had to postpone his poetry for many years while practicing the law he also respects but does not love as he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

does poetry. His seventh book of poems will soon be published, yet he was forty-seven before his first book of poetry appeared.

It was entitled *January Garden* and published in 1926. For years he had been writing the sort of verse that he had begun in college, now for various not-too-serious magazines and for Franklin P. Adams' column. He contributed to this column from the time F.P.A. first came from Chicago to New York. It was all light verse, "except a little that was sentimental if not maudlin"—to quote Mr. Cane. He parodied Kipling, imitated Austin Dobson, *et cetera*. But in 1923 he started afresh with a deep seriousness. Until that time, he told me, he was unconsciously dammed up, wanting desperately to write but neither writing nor realizing how much he wanted to. He was, in his own words, "tied up psychologically." The law, he said, had insufficient rewards for him; his heart was in the writing he couldn't do. He remembered that as a child his greatest ambition had been to write a poem worthy of appearing in some new edition of Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*.

So, Melville Cane told me one day, "I went into psychoanalysis." He paused. "Within two weeks I had produced a poem —not just an exercise—no, a poem, and it wasn't Tennysonian, and it wasn't Victorian. I had been reading all these years, and I was up-to-date with Marianne Moore, Wallace Stevens, and the others who were prominent at that time. I wrote quite a few of these poems, and in 1925, I think it was, I decided to spend a month alone and I went up to Ogunquit and lived in a shack by the sea and did nothing but write."

At the end of the month he sent a manuscript to Donald Brace, who wrote him what he came to think was one of the most important letters he ever received. It said, "This is a book we will be proud to publish."

Since then, he has served both Poetry and Law. His career in the law has been a distinguished one. A founding partner of Ernst, Cane and Berner, now Ernst, Cane, Berner and Gitlin, he has practiced law all his adult life—and still continues at eighty-five, five full days a week. I remember asking him if, given his love of poetry, this had not sometimes been frustrating. He sighed and then said heavily, "Yes. Yes. I want to say that it's often been a torment. I've never given the artist part of me enough freedom. Yet the ironic thing is that if I went up to my house in the country for a month I might end the month with nothing written. Meditation, reflection, letting the elements get into and run through my blood perhaps, but maybe nothing written.

"There's some perverseness to writing. The time, the place and the conditions don't seem to be too important. Take my office. Sometimes in the winter I look out the window and suddenly I see the snow beginning to fall. I forget all about the case I'm working on and let myself feel, realize, the falling of the snow. It sinks into me just as it sinks into the roof—and so I write a poem." . . .

I remember vividly two incidents that illustrate well Melville Cane's peculiar resourcefulness—that resourcefulness that is the wedding of wit and courage. One occurred during a weekend visit to our home in Connecticut. The morning on which Mr. Cane was to return to New York was the morning of that day on which my then sixteen-year-old son Mike was first legally permitted to drive. He had been waiting from six o'clock on to ask me whether he could not drive Mr. Cane to the station. I was trying to find a firm but gentle way of saying no when Mr. Cane said, "I insist upon it. This will make me immortal." It very nearly did a half hour later. Sitting beside Mike, it seemed to me clear that he was about to drive into a traffic island. I could not quite suppress the words, "Look out!" but at the same instant I heard from the back seat Mr. Cane's quiet voice saying clearly, "Mike, after you have gone to the right of that island and aren't busy thinking about it, I have something to ask you."

He and I have had lunch a number of times in the last five or six years in a favorite restaurant. One day, when I ar-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rived first, the waiter said, "Are you having lunch with your friend today?" There was no doubt in either his mind or mine as to whom he was referring. He went on, meditatively, "There's something about him—I don't know—he looks and moves like a man in his late sixties but I have a hunch. . . ." So when Mr. Cane arrived I taxed him with this and said, "How can you really be so young?" As is his wont, he cracked a joke, cleared his throat, sighed with mock regret over the wicked ways of the world and then looked me in the eye. "You really want to know," he said slowly. "Well, I have lived with my pain," and he hurried on to discuss lighter matters.

That he has, and that simple phrase has challenged me, exhorted me, supported me through a great deal since. I think, for example, of his staying on alone in the apartment on East 57th Street in which he lived for many years with his beloved wife. That phrase—"beloved wife"—is one of those originally rich expressions that has become stained over the centuries with time and unimaginativeness. Conscious of all that, I still use it, and find its validity impressively demonstrated in two poems. The first, "Each to Each," was published in the volume *And Pastures New* by Harcourt, Brace in 1956:

We were closed, each to each, yet dear.
We were taut with a covert pride;
We were tied
With a throttling fear;
We were undefined
And blind.

We were caught when we sought to reach;
We were mute when we strove for speech.
We were closed, each to each, yet dear.
We were vapid, polite, obscure
Through a merciless flood of pain;
We were trivial through strain;
We were desperate to endure.

Then a locked word slipped from your heart,
Like warm rain dropped on mine,
And the fog that had held us apart
Thinned,—we could dimly divine
The one we had groped for in vain.

And my hand touched yours, and the pain
That clutched and withered had fled,
And the fear and the pride lay dead,
And at last we were free, we were plain.

We were closed, each to each, yet dear.
We are close; we are clear.

The other, a long poem published first in this magazine in 1960, is a memorable tribute to his dead wife. For a long time, they had been no longer "closed, each to each."

There is something of the Stoic in Melville Cane, and in his poetry. He does not mix this allegiance, as Housman did, with the Epicurean. Nor can he accept the bitter ironic flavor of, say, "Mithridates, he died old." No, this part of Melville Cane is terribly earnest, as in his poem, "The Task."

How to cope
With the flight of hope;

Under despair
How to endure,
(Endure! Endure!)

And be more than a leaf
On the gale of grief,

And perceive, as only a fraction,
The pain and distraction.

How, in the perilous instant,
To hold, how dimly, the constant;

How dimly,
The way, the meaning, the mystery.

How, in the clutch of extinction,
Still to function, human!

This is the task, the prayer,—that I may save
The suffering god within, that he may live,
And greatly live, beyond the grave.

I remember his saying on one occasion, "The most dangerous weakness for me, or for anyone, is self-pity. I have often been teased by it but I manage to catch it before it seduces me."

Precision, truth, courage, constancy. And through all these his persistent seeking for greater clarity and simplicity, a whittling down of his mind and life to a fine point where he could accept things as they are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

without rancor, without self-pity, without unnecessary complicatedness. I think of his poem "Petition":

To be still
As a hill,
To be cool
As a pool,
To dare
To be bare,—
To be nil;

To surrender the will
That the will may be free
To submit, as the sand to the sea;

That the hope
May take shape,
As the sand from the sea;

That the dream,
No longer a dream,
Shall finally be;

That the soul
Shall be earthless,
Earthless and whole.

and a brief lyric poem, "Two Stars":

Two stars lie caught in a tree.

A shriveling angle
Of sight,—that snares a star in a tangle
Of leaves,—that shrinks a star to a spangle!

I have only to stand, to free them,
To step three steps, to see them
Clear of earth and true to sky,
Eye to eye.

Two stars rose from a tree.

Such genuine simplicity, such unpretentiousness, is not much in favor today. Writers who take themselves with explicit seriousness are thought uncouth or megalomaniacal, but on the other hand the understatement that is acceptable is cute, not genuine, as a rule. I repeat: this masterful, fully knowing but unselfconscious simplicity is not fashionable. Yet there is consummate craftsmanship in these poems I have been quoting, and there is *heart*. Melville Cane, as I know him today, is capable of sharp moral indignation. He is as genuinely generous and tolerant a man as any I know, as loyal a friend—but he still has a ferocious bite. The quiet he seeks is no specious serenity, but that equilibrium that allows us, if we can find it and maintain it, to go on living, really living. It is the ability to balance, or perhaps even juggle, those tensions that none of us can escape.

One of the elements that Melville Cane has most often chosen to express, to point up, his search for this equilibrium, this only possible kind of true quiet is, as I have already suggested, snow. He has written of it with an eloquence—and yet again a simplicity—that I have found in no other poetry. Take "Snow toward Evening":

Suddenly the sky turned gray,
The day,
Which had been bitter and chill,
Grew soft and still.
Quietly
From some invisible blossoming tree
Millions of petals cool and white
Drifted and blew,
Lifted and flew,
Fell with the falling night.

But no other poem of his seems to me to demonstrate so exactly what I have been trying to say as "Presence of Snow":

So rare, so mere,
You cannot hear
It brush against the stillness or impair
With faintest stir
The poised, suspended air.

So rare, so mere,
And yet imponderably clear;
You cannot see, yet see
The secret flow
Of immanent snow,
Although
The softest breath has yet to free,
The gentlest current yet to take
The first bewildered flake.

I see now what I have been getting at. In one sense I suppose that I have known what it was all along. But in another, I have just felt its impact now as I write. As I read the poems that he included among his favorites, I found myself saying time and again, "But of course this is the man I know. The man and his work are one."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In one sense they always are, I suppose; yet how often, on meeting a writer, or painter or composer, whom one has long admired, one finds this meeting a disappointment, and is unable to fit together what one has read, or looked at or listened to, and the person before one. I realize there is a genuine distinction here. I read the man first and liked what I read. Then I came to know him, and although I continued to read the new poems as they came out, my chief concern was with the man, my friend. And now later, first on an evening in our home when he read his poetry aloud, and now as I have reread, I realize that there is an integrity, a oneness that is very rare. And I realize further that I have been a fool. I had not realized, listening perhaps too much to this or that literary establishment, until these occasions, the full stature of Melville Cane. I had known him as a dear friend; I had known him as a wise man. I had not realized that he is an outstandingly fine lyric poet, and that his best stands beside the best of A. E. Housman and Emily Dickinson.

And a philosophical poet of no mean attainment, with a startling gift for taking a most unlikely, even special subject, and in a sudden blaze of light revealing the universal. Read the concluding section from his poem "Houdini," about the famous magician whom he came to know:

This was no mountebank,
No spangled juggler
Of rubber-balls and billiard cues and lamps—
This was and is and ever will be spirit.
There is a legerdemain
Unsensed by mortal fingers,
A clairvoyance
The perishable brain
Is hopeless to attain.
There is a heart-beat of the spirit;
No one can time it.
There is a blood, a muscle, of the soul.
Lithe is the spirit and nimble
To loose the cords of the body;
Wiry and supple the soul
To slip the strait-jacket of the flesh.

Out of an unbroken grave,
Above unheeding mourners,
Before the sightless eyes of conjurors,
Houdini rose
And lightly sprinted down an aisle of air
Amid the relieved and welcoming applause
Of those already there.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REAPPRAISALS

James and Emerson

The Lesson of the Master

EARL ROVIT

On March 21, 1914, Henry James answered a melancholy letter from his old friend, Henry Adams. Adams' letter is lost, but we can easily imagine its bleak spirit from the note that he wrote a day later to Elizabeth Cameron: "I've read Henry James' last bundle of memories [*Notes of a Son and Brother*] which have reduced me to a pulp. Why did we live? Was that all? . . . Poor Henry James thinks it all real, I believe, and actually still lives in that dreary, stuffy Newport and Cambridge. It is a terrible dream. . . ." The hopes and the frustrations of the preceding century were decisively behind both septuagenarians, and Europe was teetering on the barest edge of that holocaust that would mark in ashes the end of an era that both Adams and James had lived through, reflected upon and projected forth in their respective work. Somehow this moment of correspondence between the "lone survivors" of a past irrevocably dead suggests a weird communication between adjoining tombs—an elegiac instant that Emily Dickinson might have created for the sounds that lips make when lips have been graven into tombstones. In their different ways both James and Adams had seen their highest aspirations twisted into grotesque absurdities; yet both had made signal struggles to retain a faith in the human capacity to create values out of a life-swirl that seemed bent on turning all values into sardonic jokes.

The moral residue that the twentieth century allowed these men was not a large bequest. The processes of democratization had intensified since the Civil War with such a force of material acceleration that both James and Adams felt swept aside as the wave of the future came to imminent crest before their eyes. The new popular enlightenment—that zealously held dream of their conservatively dreaming fathers—had come to reality and was seen to cast a most chilling glare. The moral "space" between human beings—the space that is essential for dignity, self-respect, virtue—seemed to have dwindled to a fine and almost negligible point. Egotism and mechanism, the twin forces of the modern temper, appeared to have all but squeezed the space of human creation into a dry nothing. Politics, religion and art—the traditional spheres of meaningful human activity—were no longer unassailable positions of sanctuary for the human spirit; in a materially oriented universe even these activities seemed to have become either the gross vehicles of a monstrous self-interest or the determined reactions of impersonal processes. And yet, without gainsaying the image of "unmitigated blackness" that Adams projects to him, James is able to respond with words that are rather marvellously wise and beautifully humane. And in his response it becomes clear that the greatest measure of James's spiritual indebted-

EARL ROVIT, a member of the department of English at the University of Louisville, is the author of *Herald to Chaos: The Novels of Elizabeth Madox Roberts* and *Ernest Hemingway*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ness is to Ralph Waldo Emerson, the master whom he failed to acknowledge until very late in his career.

James's answer to Adams is classically and deceptively simple—a surprising departure from the circumlocutory density of his characteristic "late" style. He accepts Adams' diagnosis of meaninglessness, but he insists that to be aware of that meaninglessness is at least an equally real thing; and, further, that this awareness can be purposively cultivated. ("I still find my consciousness interesting—under *cultivation* of the interest. . . . *Why* mine yields an interest I don't know that I can tell you, but I don't challenge or quarrel with it—I encourage it with a ghastly grin.") James defines himself as "that queer monster, the artist, an obstinate finality, an inexhaustible sensibility." That "queer monster" is, however, hardly a product of parthenogenesis, as James must have known. It is at least a parallel concept to Emerson's concept of Man Thinking—a stubborn resistance to the endless flow of life, determined to create meanings, to commit "an act of life" in the face of overwhelming meaninglessness, or death. The clear lines of sympathy that bring James and Emerson into an almost complete confluence on this cardinal point have not been generally recognized; indeed, James himself would seem to have been very slow in realizing how fully he responded to "the rarity of Emerson's genius, which has made him so, for the attentive peoples, the first, and the one really rare, American spirit in letters." It is of interest to examine the details of this sympathy, if only to perceive more clearly the *moral* basis of James's celebrated concern with *form*, and to suggest how the many roles of artist that James delighted to portray were preparatory experiments in the framing of the Jamesian mask for the Emersonian "poet."

James's attitude toward Emerson is complicated by a number of factors that must be carefully disentangled if the web of relationship is to be properly discerned. Emerson was not just a writer for James—a segment of the literary reservoir from which he could sip and taste discriminately. Emerson was primarily a *person* in James's earliest consciousness—a prized, if somewhat elusive, intimate of the close-knit James family circle. As such, "elegantly slim, benevolently aquiline, and commanding a tone alien, beautifully alien, to any we heard roundabout," Emerson was of the very stuff of James's experience and hardly to be dissociated from his earliest self-awareness. And, as family friend, Emerson was, in a sense, Henry James, Senior's most beloved antagonist, alternately fascinating and exasperating. To the elder James, he seemed to be the man who contained all the secrets of the universe, but perversely declined to share them. Henry's father was finally forced to conclude that Emerson's secrets were nonexistent; that Emerson's superiority "was altogether personal or practical—by no means intellectual." The elder James was an intellectual too dedicated to the search for the truth that can be articulated to be able to forgive Emerson for being a poet rather than a sage: "He appeared to me utterly unconscious of himself as either good or evil. He had no conscience, in fact, and lived by perception, which is an altogether lower or less spiritual faculty." Such frustrated strictures as these, which Henry was to echo in his own writings on Emerson, form a kind of intellectual scrim over the younger James's attitudes toward Emerson that the critic must strip away in an effort to discover what, if any, deeper relationship lies beneath.

Finally, James's perception of Emerson was further blurred by the fact that he regarded him, as he also regarded Hawthorne, as an embodiment of that society, that America, that "jolly corner" of the consciousness that he felt he had to escape in order to draw the proper sustenance for his own life of sensibility and creative achievement. Whenever James attempts to assess Emerson's work, he invariably associates that work with the thin image of life that he felt to be its root and nutriment. "That of Emerson's personal history is condensed into the single word Concord, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all the condensation in the world will not make it look rich." As Leon Edel's monumental biography of James makes abundantly evident, James's life was a long methodical search for his own place—a place where he would be free to find or create his own *form,* invulnerable to the "pulling and hauling" of Concord or Newport, of Henry, Senior or Brother William, of the demands of family or national heritage. It is a platitudinous irony that the results of his quest were to return him, spiritually at least, to the "jolly corner" that he had fought so hard to avoid; when he did return, however, it was as his own man with full and creative possession of himself. It is only then—after his belated spiritual inventory is completed—that he can confront the full extent of his relationship to Emerson with the justice that enhances both the older man and himself.

"To criticize," wrote James, "is to appreciate, to appropriate, to take intellectual possession, to establish in fine a relation with the criticized thing and make it one's own." The bulk of James's formal criticism of Emerson was written in the middle 1880's and these essays quite curiously fail "to establish a relation with the criticized thing and make it one's own." Their tone and methods of approach are charming and respectful, but fundamentally evasive and ultimately defensive. James seems, in fact, to take deliberate pains *not* to make Emerson his own; although his praise is copious and without condescension, the nuances of the essays consign Emerson to a distinctly special and inferior place in the world of art. James finds Emerson's basic conceptual equipment as a moralist faulty—"no sense of the dark, the foul, the base." And—unanswerable indictment for the James of the middle years—although Emerson has his message, he has been unable to find his form, he has been unable to achieve a style. In the final reckoning it is the formalistic criterion that is decisive in James's mind; the failure to find a form is more serious than the failure to develop a satisfactory concept of evil. But I would suggest that the formalistic judgment is a strategic instrument of self-delusion for James. It is somewhat more sophisticated for him to record Emerson's failure in terms of form than for him to state blankly that Emerson failed as an artist because he was too much an American. And yet, in a perverse way, I think this is so. The James of the 1880's was far too insecure in his own personal rootlessness to allow formal achievement in art to any American who had remained in America.

Here it may be helpful to recollect James's ambivalent criticisms of Hawthorne, the man toward whom he probably felt more genuine kinship than toward any other writer. James's critical writings on Hawthorne were mainly written in the late 1870's, a few years earlier than his evaluations of Emerson. In his book-length essay on Hawthorne (1879), he comments approvingly on the Salem novelist's vision of the dark side of life, but he withholds the praise of total artistic success. He notes Hawthorne's penchant for creating "pictures" or "figures" rather than "characters"; he chidingly cites Hawthorne's delight in allegory as "quite one of the lighter exercises of the imagination," and he concludes by indirection that Hawthorne's play of fancy was exploited at the expense of a more serious and responsible grappling for a satisfactory form. But the writing on Hawthorne exhibits the same curious evasiveness as the writing on Emerson. The words "charming" and "fancy" recur monotonously, especially in places where one would want a specific, unambiguous statement. James has obviously a great admiration for Hawthorne, as he does for Emerson, but—and this seems to me the significant point—he loves them as men who express their whole-souled personalities in their work, rather than as artists. He admires and respects the men, but the artists he patronizes and disparages. And he uses a supposed "formalism" as the instrument of judgment, without realizing that the real basis of his judgment is his own refusal to take intellectual possession of that America that Emerson and Hawthorne so clearly project in their work.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is only the first part of the story, however, since James enjoyed a miraculous "second growth" sometime in the 1890's, and a more pellucid vision of life and art at the turn of the century allows him to revise his judgments on these and other matters. The later James is not only a much less arrogant man, but also much more *aware*—much more "one of the people on whom nothing is lost." We can hardly reconstruct the stages in this radical development of personality with any precision, but several factors seem salient enough to be contributory elements. The deaths of his parents, the prolonged agony of his sister's neurasthenia, his own embarrassment and frustration in his attempt to conquer the London stage, perhaps his strangely mute friendship with Constance Fenimore Woolson—each of these factors may be involved in the secret alchemy of his metamorphosis. But it seems undeniable that the "later" James is a different man and a different writer. As a man he has much less need for an ironic defense against the world; he exhibits an ease and confidence in his anomalous cosmopolitanism which suggests that he has somehow taken possession of himself in a fuller way than before. As a writer, the change is even more pronounced. His style becomes more extensively circular and convoluted; more "oral," more expansive, and, in a sense, more confident of its ability to explore the uncharted areas of consciousness with an unhurried, powerful grace—serene with a proud surety that no matter how deviously it plies the search, it will be able to return to its starting place with all the gleanings of the quest adhering. And the structures of the fictions become unashamedly abstract, concerning themselves with particulars of time and place, only to the degree that such particulars are charged with a potential for symbolizing beyond themselves. In effect, he now has the confidence to pursue precisely those deficiencies in form for which he criticized Hawthorne. The characters of the later fictions—the John Marchers, Milly Theales, Maggie Ververs, Spencer Brydons—are clearly *figures* rather than *persons*. And the thematic constructs of these fictions, as Quentin Anderson has brilliantly demonstrated, move inexorably into allegorical range—evidently no longer one of the "lighter" exercises of the creative imagination.

And with this general change—a change in every respect accompanied by an increase in self-confidence—James's aesthetic of *form* develops far beyond the restrictive variant of art-for-art's-sake realism that he had adapted from Flaubert. As we shall see, his concern with form ceases to be exclusively technical, becoming instead that celebration of aesthetics *as* morality that is the crux of Emerson's essays. We can expect, then, that James's new direction will lead not only to a new concept of art, but also to a willing acceptance of Hawthorne's and Emerson's art as well. It is extremely difficult to deal with these highly complicated revisions, each of them enormously subtle and some of them covert, without some necessary oversimplification, but it seems to me that the contours of the radical shift in James's basic revaluations can be demonstrated within the frame of reference we have suggested.

Twenty-five years after his book on Hawthorne, James was invited to participate in the centenary celebration of Hawthorne's birth (1904). The warm letter that he wrote for the occasion is more than the expected effusion of veneration for a hallowed public figure; James's contribution expresses his new complex of attitudes quite succinctly. The point that he takes the greatest pains to expound is not Hawthorne's success or failure with form, but his ability to develop *as a human being*. "He *had* developed from within—as to feeling, as to form, as to sincerity and character. So it is . . . that we are thrown back . . . on his free possession of himself." This last phrase seems to be the key phrase for James in his new understanding of the function of art. *Form* is achieved when the artist comes to "free possession of himself"; or, as Emerson had earlier put it, "Art is the path of the creator to his work." Moral unity is antecedent to formal unity, and the former

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is the real justification for the entire artistic process. One might conjecture in retrospect that the James of the middle years was in the untenable position of requiring that art be objectively a well-accomplished craft, even as his moral bent forced him to devalue the craftsman as a partial human being, morally wanting in direct proportion to his aesthetic success. At any rate, the typical Jamesian artist-characters of the 1870's and '80's—figures such as Theobald ("The Madonna of the Future," 1873), Henry St. George ("The Lesson of the Master," 1888), and even Geoffrey Aspern (1888)—are in some significant ways deficient as human beings. The artists are portrayed with a light or heavy touch of sarcasm as men out of proportion with the rhythms of the real world—dandies isolated by their egotism, journalistic illusions, puffs of the popular press, moral grotesques who are useful to some small extent, but who are ultimately ridiculous. The paradox of James's position becomes clear when we realize that it is during these years that he was compelled to find Hawthorne and Emerson deficient as artists because they seemed so successful as human beings. One cautionary note must be mentioned here, however. As James's relationship to Turgenev makes manifest, James seems to be caught in this period in the prison of his American dilemma; Americans are inferior artists if they are successful human beings, because of the thin image of life that America bestows upon the artist for him to absorb and transmute.

The significant shift in James's concept of art can be most graphically observed in two of his tales written in 1893, "The Real Thing" and "The Middle Years." The narrator-painter of the first story and the novelist, Dencombe, in the second are both taught moral lessons which encompass and transcend their particular aesthetic preoccupations. They learn that the artist is a human being first, and that his artistic development is contingent on his human development. The "real thing" for both artists is the moral completeness of the lives they live; if their art is organically related to their lives, then it is real and potentially valuable. But if art is without roots in one's primary life-experience, then it is unreal, grotesque and nonhuman, and, as such, incompatible to artistic form as well as to life. Dencombe's eloquent realization of a fusion between aesthetics and morality —his life as an artist and a responsible human being—can almost be seen as James's summing-up of Emerson's exhortations in "The Poet": "We work in the dark—we do what we can—we give what we have. Our doubt is our passion, and our passion is our task. The rest is the madness of art." And Dencombe's conclusion—that "frustration doesn't count" because "frustration" is "only life" and it is "what passes"—gives him a serene acceptance and positive reverence for the *art of living* which is strikingly Emersonian in its firm tenor and joy.

The arc of James's development comes to full circle in the early years of the twentieth century during the writing of his great last novels, his Prefaces and his memoirs. And during this period I think we can see his steady embrace of the Emersonian ideal of man and artist. Perhaps the novella, "The Birthplace" (1903), gives the most delineated portrait of the fully-rounded Jamesian artist—a portrait that is complicatedly comic in its spherical subtleties, but pointedly affirmative in its acceptance of the rich absurdities of experience and the affirmation that form can be created out of human frustrations and endeavors. Morris Gedge, the caretaker-guide of England's most holy literary shrine, is the Emersonian-Jamesian artist. He performs "the Show" for the tourist-pilgrims even as he maintains and ministers to "the Showplace." Desperately conscious of the fact that the entire tradition of the Birthplace is sheerest sham, he has too much integrity to mouth the conventional pieties of the guidebook (which would surely damn his soul), and too much sensibility not to be aware that a rich offering of experience has been placed in his hands for him to work into dross or gold. He makes gold of it, and the process of his refinement of this experience illuminates James's own attitude to-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ward his art and his audience, even as it clarifies for James the enigmatic character of his father's transcendental friend.

The artistic process for James is cosmically lonely; the artist creates within the vast solitudes of his own awareness, whether he is writing novels at Lamb House, giving a popular lecture at a rural lyceum, or ferrying a group of tourists through a national museum. And save for the miracle of a few communing spirits (the Hayeses of New York City), this loneliness is absolute; the audience will cast its shallow nets and be readily surfeited according to its limited capacities to taste and drink deep. But the audience is more than an economic necessity for the artist; it may be stupid, it may be pretentious, it may be time-serving, but it is, for the artist, the image of humanity that saves him from monstrous egotism, giving him a fund of consciousness that is not his own for him to work with, and instilling within him a spirit of human cooperation that he can use as his own creativity. The portrait of the artist is then first and foremost a portrait of a *man* painfully imposing form on his experience as he is engaged in that business of life that is not "frustration." He is, secondly, a man in a peculiarly profound relationship of reciprocal need with his fellows, sharing with them that which they all possess latently in common. And, third, he is a man remarkably complete, in spite of—or, better —*because of* his confident dependence on persons not himself; he is complete because he is open to growth and further formation out of his need. And, fourth, he is ultimately an impenetrable mystery to all who would know him. He is in his works, but he is behind and outside his work as well. His touch can be recognized easily, but his hand cannot be grasped. He manipulates falsity, propounds gargantuan lies, practices shams, appearances and illusions until he is a master of arrant hypocrisy, and, finally, as the ultimate deception, he becomes invisible behind the last sheer curtain, leaving nothing of himself in his work save a tone and a touch and a mocking whisper of movement. Most public of all human beings, he is the least discoverable in his privacy, and if we would know what he truly is at the heart of his darkness, we must be forever denied.

But note how closely this vaudevillian of the interior consciousness, the Jamesian artist, corresponds to James's own frustrated attempts to characterize Emerson some twenty years before the writing of "The Birthplace." In that earlier essay, James chronicles similar paradoxes in Emerson: "Courteous and humane to the furthest possible point, to the point of an almost profligate surrender of his attention, there was no familiarity in him, no personal avidity." And again, "he had polished his aloofness till it reflected the image of his solicitor." And in one passage where James wonders how Emerson *really* regarded some of his contemporaries, he comments on the interest of such speculations. "That is, it would bring up the question of his inner reserves and skepticisms, his secret ennuis and ironies, the way he sympathized for courtesy and then, with his delicacy and generosity, in a world after all given much to the literal, let his courtesy pass for adhesion. . . ." James's best effort in his attempt to "fix" the character of Emerson suggests that his portrait of Morris Gedge was blocked in long before he administered the literary paints: "He [Emerson] was never the man anyone took him for, for the simple reason that no one could possibly take him for the elusive, irreducible, merely gustatory spirit for which he took himself." Writing this in 1887, James had yet to learn that this comic impenetrability was the result of complete self-possession and that he himself might come to it, if he were to come fully to himself. Nor had he learned either that such self-possession is the inward secret of artistic form, controlling its rhythms and its compositions as surely and comfortably as a great circle completes itself. By 1903 he had learned these lessons, and had come to accept that "queer monster," the Emersonian shaper with the evasive shape for his own mask of dissembling placidity.

In 1907 in *The American Scene* James

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made his fullest restitution to Emerson, as he had earlier done to Hawthorne. But his spiritual indebtedness in this case went far deeper, and James's laudatory words for Emerson are as much confession as praise. He acknowledges him as the first American spirit in letters, and writes: "I open Emerson for the same benefit for which I open Goethe, the sense of moving in large intellectual space, and that of the gush, here and there, out of the rock, of the crystalline cupful, in wisdom and poetry. . . ." But James then turns away from the impression to the confession: "If one had reached a 'time of life' one had thereby at least heard him lecture; and not a russet leaf fell for me, while I was there [revisiting Concord], but fell with an Emersonian drop." Paradoxically, James seems to be confessing in his own impenetrably ironic way, that his own belated fall from the innocence of a divided self was a fall with an Emersonian "drop," and his rise in the great surge of mature creativity that swept him into his finest work was the redemption of the Emersonian promise.

Coming in autumn

a special section . . .

THE ARTS IN AMERICA: 1964

Music — Painting

Architecture — The Novel

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Look Around . . . . . .

"Many a night I saw the Pleiads . . ."*

PAUL A. ZAHL

You snap off the lights at bedtime, and your surroundings black out. Then as you wait for sleep a chink of dim light gradually appears under the door . . . a hazy outline begins to mark the window . . . luminous numbers on the face of a bedside clock glow with increasing intensity. It takes all of thirty minutes for the pupils of the eye to widen fully and the rod cells of the retina to undergo the specific chemical changes necessary for adaptation to the dark. The process was valuable to me one moonless June night on the Caribbean island of Jamaica.

I had set out by car from Kingston and now, about an hour later, had reached the lush slopes of a range known as the Blue Mountains. Here, nearly four thousand feet above sea level, the air was cool and misty; tree ferns banked the narrow roadway, although I caught glimpses of them only as I maneuvered the curves and my headlights veered sharp left or right. At a place where the road widened briefly, I pulled over, turned off the lights, and sat quiet behind the wheel. It was black as the bottom of a well until, after some minutes, a luminous pinpoint appeared in the void beyond the hood. Other pinpoints materialized, brightening and multiplying, until before long I was surrounded by a marvelous razzle-dazzle—the pyrotechnics of congregating fireflies.

There is a greater diversity of fireflies in Jamaica than in any comparable area of the world. But only on moonless nights such as this one, when celestial stars are obliterated by overcast, and the air is humid and the temperature agreeable, are they lured in multitudes from their daytime hiding places behind loose bark, on the undersides of leaves, or in the soft humus of the forest duff.

Those sparks dancing there were light-organs of the firefly *Photinus pallens,* switching on and off in a manner characteristic of the species. However, one nonconforming light near the ground close to the car chose to stay on, steady and unblinking. I opened the door and stepped cautiously over the damp ground to investigate. There in the glare of my pocket flashlight, I found a geometrically perfect web suspended between two branches of a low shrub; caught in its center was a single firefly. Legs strained to break the binding gossamer, wings fluttered weakly, and luminous tissues glowed as though signaling for help.

Soon grown accustomed to my beam, a shiny black and yellow spider, moving on eight bristly legs and oriented by an equal number of chilling eyes, scurried in from the shadows to where the firefly struggled. There was a moment of grim hesitation as he surveyed his catch. Then, while six of the legs served as supports, the front two began slowly to rotate the firefly, helpless as a pig on a spit. With each deliberate turn, the webbing tightened.

Silk-producing glands near the spider's anal tip were next brought into play, spinning a single fine thread that the spider attached deftly to the firefly's abdomen. Whether the spider had bitten the victim to deposit a quieting poison, I cannot say. I thought of a whirling bobbin, as loop

* From Tennyson's *Locksley Hall.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

after loop of delicate fiber wrapped the rotating insect. Soon legs and wings were pinned close to the firefly's body walls, and the band of white luminescence on its abdomen was neatly crisscrossed. Gradually the light grew dim, and at last it died, squeezed to extinction with a finesse unequalled by any boa or octopus. When the spinning stopped, only a grayish wad remained there in the eye of the web, guarded warily by the spider.

The interdependence of waste and renewal is among the realities not only of economics but also of nature. Although a firefly had in this case been deprived of individuality, its nutrient-rich remains would now serve to support another's life. In sponsoring such a brutal transfer of organic energy, nature had, on the other hand, produced more fireflies than could possibly fall victim to forest predators, positively insuring the species' continuation.

I made my way to a nearby bush where scores of fireflies were flashing. They did not fly away as I approached and, surprisingly, I was able to pick up between thumb and forefinger any number of the tinselly bits weighting nearly every leaf and twig—mostly pairs of mating fireflies. Beyond mating, there is little urge to survive; the male has fulfilled his mission; the female is granted a few more hours, at most a few days, to deposit her eggs in some forest cranny, where in time they will hatch into larvae as rapacious as any spider.

For a full year these crawling new predators, representing the species' fueling stage, will gorge themselves on small slugs and the larvae of other insects. Then, characteristic of their class, they will settle into cocoons and bide there until ready to emerge as gently sparkling adults that, although equipped with mouths and digestive organs, will do little, if any, feeding. Driven only by an obsessive urge to mate, each mature female at dusk will perch herself conspicuously on some leaf or twig, and there begin sending out sharp, bright signals of readiness. Only male fireflies of like species can read the code, and only they, in searching flight through the forest, will respond with signals of recognition. Having established rapport, the male will circle in for a landing. At hand now, in the attraction of two opposite luminaries, is the beginning of a new generation, extinction of the old. How the firefly (actually, not a fly, but a beetle of the Lampyridae family) controls the duration and intensity of its flash is still a considerable mystery. An obscure neural mechanism may be involved, or the play of some sensitive fuel or oxygen valve.

I cupped a pair of fireflies in my palm and held them in the direct beam of my flashlight. Each was about the size of a flattened grain of puffed rice, tan in color, and like all insects composed of a head, thorax, tapering abdomen, two segmented antennae and six jointed legs. Each wore a pair of elytral covers, and under these a pair of transparent veined wings revealed only in flight. The black, orblike eyes seemed disproportionately large, a characteristic related no doubt to the nocturnal habit. A flat protuberance of the forehead shaded the eyes like a visor, giving the bearer a droll monkish look. The abdomen was segmented somewhat in the manner of a snake's rattle; in the male, two of the segments comprised the light-organ; in the female, only one.

I flicked off my torch and with a magnifying lens peered through the glass-clear skin of the lower abdomen to the bright fires that burned within. Only in the sense of oxidation and glow is the term "fire" acceptable here; there was of course no conflagration, no heat. Shimmerings and swirlings under the skin layer, suggestive of the surface of a white-hot ember, were eddies of chemical reaction—the oxidation of luciferin in the presence of the enzyme luciferase, to release intense but heatless light. Gland cells lining the cauldron were the source of the organic materials, while oxygen was fed in through minute ducts.

In terms of thermodynamics, this is a most remarkable process, and it is nearly one hundred percent efficient (that is, all light, no heat); yet similar reactions occur in many places, under many conditions. A tree stump glows at night in the damp forest; a bush "burns" but is not consumed; the ocean glistens under a moonless sky;

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in rare cases a person's skin radiates a degree of light; a fish or a squid sparkles in the sea's otherwise lightless depths.

In this day and age, such phenomena are intriguing but no longer mysterious. The stump is rotting with phosphorescent bacteria or fungi, the plant kingdom's only luminescing members; the bush may be similarly infested or merely laden with breeding fireflies; the streak of light on a breaking wave represents the composite luminosity of a million single-cell creatures; the individual whose radiant pallor was attributed by medieval villagers to occult influences, needed a bath not a shriving to wash away a layer of luminescent bacteria feeding on the by-products of accumulated perspiration; those fish and squid, along with scores of other deep-sea creatures, employ some variant of the firefly's chemistry.

Regarding marine bioluminescence, I recall a visit to an estuary known as the Bahía Fosforescente on the south coast of Puerto Rico. Darkness had fallen as our boat set out from the fishing village of La Parguera. The sea was inky black and so was the sky, for on that occasion too I had chosen the dark of the moon for my sortie. All I could make out were the deck lights of our speedboat and the dim windows of a few shore dwellings, as we followed a course parallel to land, about a thousand yards out. I hoped the motorman's eyes were adapting to the darkness more quickly than mine. I had been here in daylight and knew that rising to within mere inches of the surface were coral heads ready to rip into any speeding hull.

We bore eastward about two miles. By now I was beginning to distinguish the outline of coast hills to the north and the merest trace of a horizon to the south where black sky and blacker sea merged. Abruptly the motorman slowed the craft and turned shoreward, navigating even more carefully here, for the Bay's mouth was narrow and unmarked by beacons or buoys of any kind; furthermore, we must cross a bar known to shift with the tide. I sat at the stern, intent on the wake which showed a few phosphorescent sparks but nothing remarkable. The word phosphorescent (from *Phosphorus,* the Morning Star) is imprecise but permitted here because of its general connotation of light; the element phosphorus as such is never involved in biological light. Past the bar now and suddenly in the Bay's deeper portion, the pilot threw wide his throttle. The engine roared, the bow rose, and our wake burst into flame.

From a plane in daytime, the Bahía Fosforescente is indistinguishable from a score of similar indentations along Puerto Rico's arid southwest coast. A mere sixty acres all but squeezed off from the sea by a bottleneck, the Bay is bordered by a dense tangle of mangrove; its green waters contrast sharply with the cobalt blue of the open ocean beyond. Surrounding hills, speckled with scrubby cactus and other desert plants, are otherwise smoothly contoured. Only at night does the Bay reveal itself as one of a kind.

I had requested the pilot to head for the approximate center, then to circle slowly. Whether he was doing so, I had no way of knowing, for all I could see was the glow of our wake which, blaze-bright near the stern plate, flared into a V, losing intensity gradually as the V widened, to die in a series of rolling, fire-crested breakers several hundred feet astern. Such extreme luminescence appears only when the Bay's waters are stimulated by the degree of agitation our propeller provided. A chopping wind or a torrential downpour would have produced a like but lesser effect.

Moving forward to the prow, I watched as mullets, porgies and halfbeaks, disturbed by the noise of the motor and the thrust of the speedboat, fled from in front of us. They streaked away under the surface like Roman candles, each leaving a trail of white phosphorescence. We slowed to a halt and, as the glow of our wake subsided, were engulfed again by pitch darkness. One of my helpers, a young Puerto Rican familiar with the Bay, stripped to a pair of shorts and dived overboard; a patch of luminescence flared where he entered and, as he swam, liquid light traced his arms and legs. Climbing back on board, his body glittering, he shook diamond dust out of his hair. He coughed and from his mouth came a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

luminous cloud—twice, three times, with the same effect. We drifted quietly, and I dipped a handful of Bay water from over the gunwale. My palm sparkled, and when I tossed the water back and rubbed my fingers together, they almost crackled with light.

In my former paper . . . [wrote Benjamin Franklin more than two hundred years ago] I considered the sea as the grand source of lightening, imagining its luminous appearance to be owing to electric fire, produc'd by friction between the particles of water and those of salt. Living far from the sea, I had then no opportunity of making experiments on the sea water, and so embraced this opinion too hastily.

For in 1750 and 1751, being occasionally on the sea coast, I found by experiments, that sea water in a bottle, tho' at first it would by agitation appear luminous, yet in a few hours it lost that virtue; hence, and from this, that I could not by agitating a solution of sea salt in water produce any light, I first began to doubt of my former hypothesis, and to suspect that the luminous appearance in sea water, must be owing to some other principles.

Later that night in a small laboratory near La Parguera, aided by the microscope Ben Franklin needed, I studied the contents of test tubes I had filled with water from the Bay. One drop under the lens revealed innumerable animalcules, each, not much larger than a white blood corpuscle, whirling and dancing to the beat of a pair of lashing tails or flagella. There was no light, however, for the microscope's viewing chamber in which the animalcules moved had quickly been depleted of oxygen. It is possible that in the Bay such agitation as propeller action increases the amount of water-dissolved oxygen available to each cell, and in this way stokes the luminous fires. These dinoflagellates were interesting not only because of their light-producing penchant, but also because they combine both botanic and zoological characteristics: like plants, they possess chlorophyll; like animals, they are motile. It is believed that precursors of both the plant and animal kingdoms rose a billion years ago from cells resembling dinoflagellates.

Pyrodinium, the organism here in view, comprises the first link in the Bay's food chain. By day it basks in myriads near the surface, photosynthesizing carbohydrates and protein; by night it glows, fair game for small crustaceans which are in turn fed upon by fish. Luminescence in dinoflagellates may be no more than a vestige of some early phase of biochemical evolution, now without purposeful meaning; it is no mating device, for, being unicellular, such primitives reproduce by simple fission.

An essential dietary item for *Pyrodinium* is Vitamin B_{12}, a metabolic product of bacteria inhabiting the rich muds of the Bahía's mangrove shallows. A steady supply of this vitamin, along with other organic and mineral components of seawater, converts the Bay into a virtual culture vessel for *Pyrodinium*. Luminescence here is perennial, as distinguished from that of the open sea where, excited not only by dinoflagellates but also a variety of other planktonic organisms, the phenomenon is sharply seasonal and usually of limited duration. Some years ago a similar "fire bay" existed on the island of New Providence in the Bahamas. When, for land development purposes, its narrow connective with the sea was broadened, allowing the tide to flow freely in and out, the delicate equilibrium required by light-generating sea organisms was disturbed, and all phosphorescence vanished, never to return.

Puzzling from an evolutionary viewpoint, bioluminescence ranges the entire animal kingdom, from the protozoa up through the sponges, jellyfish, worms, molluscs, crustaceans, spiders, insects, tunicates and into at least one class of vertebrates, the fishes; sometimes even eggs and larvae are luminescent. To be sure, the actual number of light-bearing species within all these groups is relatively small; and oddly, one member of a genus will have the gift, a close relative will not. In some cases, the usefulness of the endowment is clear, but who knows, for example, why thousands of fly larvae glisten as they hang from the walls of Waitomo cave in New Zealand; why the so-called railroad worm of South America carries green lights on each side and a red one in front; why certain centipedes are light-equipped when they themselves are blind?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For reasons also quite unknown, almost all aquatic animals capable of luminescence are of marine habitat.

Consider the deep-sea squids, many of which possess the gift of light. When disturbed, some eject clouds of brilliantly glowing material very much in the manner of an ink-squirting octopus; the purpose, guess has it, is to confuse or flash-blind any pursuer. For no known reason, others carry light-organs in an array of neon colors on tentacles, eye sockets and body walls. In late spring one spectacularly luminescent squid rises to the surface of Toyama Bay on Japan's west coast. Fishermen haul it ashore by the ton for use as fertilizer—a rather rude fate for creatures able to transform fishnets into glittery lacework.

Light-organs possessed by squids and fishes are mostly cup- or bowl-shaped, generally smaller than pinheads, frequently lined with mirror tissues which act as reflectors, and even, in known cases, equipped with lenses and color filters. They speckle heads, or bellies and tails, or line jaws and mouth parts, sometimes in great numbers. As a rule their light is provided by gland-produced chemicals, but in some instances it rises from luminous bacteria thriving symbiotically within the light-organs. In the latter case, both host and guest derive something of value from the accord—the host, a means of sex and species recognition, or a mechanism for luring, warning, or simply illuminating; the guest gains a shelter and a continuing supply of nutrient. Under this arrangement, however, the host is powerless to control either the flash pattern or the intensity of its light-producing microbes, although, in special cases, these effects are achieved by means of ingeniously movable shields, blinders and shutters. The light of one Banda Sea species can actually pivot, so that its beam may be aimed voluntarily or, when necessary, turned wholly out of view. Many a deep-sea shark, lacking specific light-organs, achieves luminosity by excreting a phosphorescent slime over the entire body.

Were we, in the William Beebe manner, to descend through the sea's sunlit layers to a depth below eighteen hundred feet, where perennial darkness is relieved only by vagrant displays of bioluminescence, our dark-adapted eyes would catch unexpected subtleties of light production: bright, starlike flashes, brilliant pinpoints, luminous sprays and patches, undulating banks of scintillation. One cluster of steady, blue-white lights might claim our attention, as did the Jamaican firefly in the spider web. We can only guess, although with some confidence, that it lies at the base of an alert, quivering tongue in the throat of a viperfish. We see the lights because the fish's pliant half-transparent jaws have opened wide, yawning with a never quite satisfied hunger, and revealing two arcs of teeth as long, sharp and shiny as darning needles. The brightness intrigues a foraging prawn, or an ostracod or some other swimmer, which comes just a hair too close; jaws snap shut, the viperfish gulps. The cluster of lights is extinguished briefly during the swallowing process, to appear again as the tireless mouth reopens in expectation of another victim. Lure use of luminosity is quite common in the deep sea not only among members of the viperfish tribe; the anglers, for example, have a built-in rod and line literally baited with light. The "rod" is attached to the fish's forehead and the "line" hangs down in front of the mouth, twisting and jiggling its glowing tip until a victim is attracted.

Some anglerfishes have an additional claim to uniqueness. Early in life, a male of the family bites into the skin of one of his sisters, and doesn't let go. By means of sharp little teeth he hangs there until his head has fused with the female's tissue; eventually even blood vessels merge and there is full and permanent physiological interchange, as between a mammalian mother and her fetus. The male's digestive system deteriorates; his body stops growing and, stunted and dwarflike, he remains there for life, a true freeloader. Female deep-sea anglers have been netted bearing not one but several such parasitic males. His or their only function is to release germinal cells into the surrounding water at the precise moment the host female vents eggs. Thus, without recourse either to light

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or scent, nature has provided these sexes with absolute insurance against losing one another in the dark. Other deep-sea species solve this problem in more conventional ways: male and female differences in the arrangement of light-organs; flash codes, as in fireflies; migration upward during the breeding period to where sunlight penetrates the sea.

Back on that Jamaican mountainside, an hour had passed, and quite suddenly the fireflies stopped flashing. One look at the heavens told me why. The overcast had broken, and a great haloed moon dispelled not only the black edge of night but also the sparkle of my ten thousand friends. Both moon and nimbus shed soft, cool light, evocative of the kind produced biochemically. The effect was eerie. Any mystical significance ascribed in ages past to the moon and its halo is quite understandable, or to the "burning" bush, the "fiery" sea, the radiant specter, the glowing fish or tree stump.

I started the car and set out on the return drive to Kingston. "The man who has seen the rising moon break out of the clouds at midnight," wrote Ralph Waldo Emerson in 1841, "has been present like an archangel at the creation of light and of the world." Beholding firefly, dinoflagellate, deep-sea squid, or viperfish guarantees no such cosmic view. We are nevertheless awed that in a world already well supplied with celestial light, protoplasm developed generators of its own.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Instance of Treason

OZAKI HOTSUMI AND THE SORGE SPY RING

CHALMERS JOHNSON. This is the first complete account in English of the most brilliantly successful espionage operation of the 20th century. Ozaki Hotsumi was prewar Japan's most influential civilian adviser on China. At the same time he was the second-ranking member of the notorious Communist spy ring headed by Dr. Richard Sorge. Illustrated. $6.50

The Aztecs Under Spanish Rule

A HISTORY OF THE INDIANS OF THE VALLEY OF MEXICO, 1519-1810

CHARLES GIBSON. Based upon ten years of research, this study focuses on the effect of Spanish institutions on Indian life at the local level: the early fragmentation of the Aztec Empire into many semi-independent towns, the complex relations between head towns and subject towns, the changes in local economies, especially in agriculture, trade, finance, labor, and the distribution of land. Illustrated. $12.50

Mass Media and National Development

THE ROLE OF INFORMATION IN THE DEVELOPING COUNTRIES

WILBUR SCHRAMM. This study attempts to show how modern communications can assist the more than 70 countries now in the process of transformation from a traditional society to social modernity. Based on case studies and research from many countries, the study is published jointly by the Stanford University Press and Unesco. Fernand Terrou contributes a chapter on institutional and legal problems of the mass media in new countries. August. About $7.50

African Socialism

EDITED BY WILLIAM H. FRIEDLAND AND CARL G. ROSBERG, JR. Eleven authorities on contemporary Africa examine African Socialism both as a general phenomenon and in its individual national forms. An Appendix assembles key statements on African Socialism by prominent African leaders, as well as a historically important unpublished article by George Padmore. *Hoover Institution Publications.* August. About $6.50

Order from your bookstore, please

STANFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Revolving Bookstand . . . . . .

From Sensuous Image to Musical Form

EDWARD T. CONE

Dialogues and a Diary,[1] the fourth volume of conversations between Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft, was apparently intended to be the last; for a footnote in *Expositions and Developments*[2] refers to "the current tetralogy" and goes on to speak of Stravinsky's unwillingness to spare time from composition to produce another book. Now it appears that there will in fact be another in the series, and at least one excerpt from it has already been published (in *Show,* February, 1964). But even without it, the list of the composer's literary works is an imposing one. From *An Autobiography*[3] and *Poetics of Music*[4] through the "tetralogy," these books span thirty of Stravinsky's most productive years, and their contents range the entire eighty years of his life. (The recent republication of the two older books in paperback makes it all the more unfortunate that both *Conversations with Stravinsky*[5] and *Memories and Commentaries*[6] have already been allowed to go out of print. Unless paperback publication again comes to the rescue, it looks as if the complete works will be unavailable just at the moment of completion.)

The footnote in *Expositions and Developments* (p. 153) offers further information of value to one wishing to make a comparative study of the six volumes. Not only does Stravinsky cast doubt on the accuracy of the autobiography, but he suggests that only in the conversation books can his own voice be clearly heard: "My autobiography and *Poetics of Music,* both written through other people, incidentally—Walter Nouvel and Roland-Manuel, respectively—are much less *like* me, in all my faults, than my conversations." (*Memories and Commentaries,* however, mentions that Paul Valéry also had a hand in the final wording of the *Poetics.*) It is certainly true that the older books differ significantly in tone from each other and from the recent series; but then their aims differ as well, and Stravinsky may have chosen his amanuenses accordingly.

The autobiography, the author's recent warning about its reliability notwithstanding, was designed, according to its preface, "to present to the reader a true picture of myself, and to dissipate the accumulation of misunderstandings that has gathered about both my work and my person." Appearing in 1935, at a time when Stravinsky had for over twenty years consistently maintained a position as one of the two or three most controversial figures on the contemporary artistic scene, it was "equally intended for those interested in my music and in myself." It was thus written in a sense as a contribution to music history. In

[1] *Doubleday, $4.95.*
[2] *Doubleday, $4.95.*
[3] *Norton, $1.45.*
[4] *Vintage, $1.25.*
[5] *Doubleday, $4.*
[6] *Doubleday, $3.95.*

✪ EDWARD T. CONE, composer, pianist and writer on musical subjects, is a professor in the department of music of Princeton University. His compositions include works for orchestra, for chorus and for chamber groups.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Man in the Modern Novel

By John Edward Hardy. Studies tracing the theme of the "quest for identity" and its relevance to certain problems of form in eleven novels of our time. Hardy points out critical specifics with thoughtful forays into broad concerns of contemporary literary criticism: the loss of a reliable concept of the self, the dehumanization of art, and the development of stream of consciousness as a strategy in a time-war. 220 pages. $5.00

An Episode in Anti-Catholicism

THE AMERICAN PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION

By Donald L. Kinzer. First full-length account of an ultrapatriotic organization of the late 1800's that was dedicated to saving the Republic from "foreign" Catholic influences. For all concerned about discrimination against minorities and separation of church and state. 336 pages. $6.50

The Development of the USSR

AN EXCHANGE OF VIEWS

Edited by Donald W. Treadgold. In a unique approach to historical analysis and interpretation, twenty-eight of the West's foremost scholars debate fundamental issues concerning Soviet politics, economics, and literature; old Russian culture and the nature of imperial society; Russia's western borderlands; the relation of Russia to East and West. 430 pages. $6.50. Paper, $2.95

The Vanishing Village

A DANISH MARITIME COMMUNITY

By Robert T. and Barbara Gallatin Anderson. Since 1890, Dragor has evolved from an isolated and conservative village to an urban annex. This survey of all phases of village existence reveals that urbanization was accomplished with no drastic upheaval of community social patterns. 160 pages. $5.00

order from your bookseller or

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON PRESS
SEATTLE 98105

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its peculiar blend of objectivity and individuality it resembles what may well have been its model: the autobiography of Stravinsky's teacher, Rimsky-Korsakov, who seems equally to have written from a desire to set the truth on record. Rimsky's title, *My Musical Life,* could have been given to his pupil's book.

Indeed, Stravinsky outstrips his master in his eagerness to avoid extraneous personal material. Chapter II, for example, after discussing his musical education and early compositional efforts in great detail, ends with the bare statement: "In the autumn I became engaged, and I was married in January, 1906." Decided opinions, such as the famous denial of the possibility of musical expression, are freely voiced, to be sure; but their tone seems to imply: this is an objective statement of Stravinsky's views, and as such should be a matter of record. Of his friends and colleagues, Diaghilev alone appears as a living personality, necessarily developed in some detail because of his long and close professional association with the composer. Only rarely does the author permit himself an amusing anecdote, and even then he excuses himself—as, for example, after a lurid little tale, "It was in that atmosphere that I worked at my *Baiser de la Fée.*"

Objectivity is likewise proclaimed in the introductory lecture of *Poetics of Music,* the book resulting from Stravinsky's year in the Charles Eliot Norton Chair of Poetry at Harvard in 1939-40. But in the same lecture didactic, dogmatic and polemical aims are frankly admitted—and these easily win the day during the course of the series. Stravinsky is here very conscious of being on the platform. He takes advantage of his position not only to expound his own view of music but also to justify it (for example, by appeal to the philosophy of Pierre Souvtchinsky). And when he notes a current attitude or movement detrimental to the progress of music or of culture in general, he violently attacks: the stupidity of the critics, the snobbery of the audience, the exhibitionism of interpreters, socialist realism and Wagnerism.

Above all, Wagnerism. It is hard now to remember the tenacity of the Wagnerian ideal; but only twenty-five years ago it was still capturing the imaginations of influential patrons, managers, conductors, singers, even composers—and, of course, of the musical public. Stravinsky's battle was a real one, even though we may now believe that time would have won it for him anyway. What interests us here, however, is the almost personal animosity revealed in the lectures. Wagner was the subject of a short digression in the autobiography, but the comparatively moderate argument there was based on a single issue: "the principle of putting a work of art on the same level as the sacred and symbolic ritual which constitutes a religious service." *Poetics of Music,* in at least three passages, one of them quite lengthy, attacks "the rubbish and racket of the music drama" as a betrayal of music itself: a surrender to Dionysian excesses that the Apollonian Stravinsky is morally bound to anathematize. In support he calls upon a strange set of champions: Gounod, Délibes, Chabrier, Messager. True, he admits Verdi, but he insists on the superiority of the earlier works over the late ones.

Opinions like these, stated in a polemical context, and perhaps for that reason without explanation or qualification, caused many to question either Stravinsky's musical taste or his sincerity. An important job of the recent series of conversations has been to return to some of these views, to set them in perspective and, where necessary, to modify them. He now recognizes the greatness of *Falstaff,* he admits what he terms the "insipidity" of Gounod, and he can even refer calmly to Wagner, citing the archenemy's influence on his own early work. With admirable frankness he refers to some of his earlier misjudgments as "period prejudices"; and it is indeed a great joy to find Stravinsky at eighty listening with fresh ears to music long familiar to him, sharing with us his new enthusiasm for works as various as *Carmen* and the *Grosse Fuge.*

Not that he is content with the music of the past. Equally interesting are his evaluations of new compositions—works of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oxford University Press

Gentlemanly Power

British Leadership and the Public School Tradition

By **Rupert Wilkinson.** A provocative discussion of the Victorian-Edwardian public school, and its influence upon the character of the British governmental elite. Mr. Wilkinson compares its "tribal" character-building system with similar systems of other historical cultures and periods. Many questions about freedom and conformity, indoctrination and custom are discussed—questions of increasing import in the modern world. $6.00

The Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley

Volumes I and II

Edited by **Frederick L. Jones.** These volumes, desirable if for no other reason than the scarcity of Ingpen's editions of 1909 and 1926, contain many letters which have never appeared in a collected edition. Professor Jones, working directly from most of the original manuscripts, has been able to correct texts mangled by Hogg, and to revise dating. All the letters of Harriet Shelley and Elizabeth Hitchener are included.
2 volumes. $23.55

A Bibliography of Ezra Pound

By **Donald Gallup.** In this copiously annotated volume English and American first editions of the poet's books are described in detail both as to content and bibliographical information, as are first editions of books containing his contributions. The bibliography contains five sections, and the single, complete index, printed in double columns, occupies 60 pages. "This must be one of the most substantial bibliographies of a twentieth-century author ever published, and it is certainly one of the best."—*Times Literary Supplement.*
The Soho Bibliographies. $20.20

Henry King and the Seventeenth Century

By **Ronald S. Berman.** Best known as the friend, disciple, and finally the executor of John Donne, Henry King was himself a true representative of his paradoxical century. Professor Berman discusses his fluid, democratic style, his conservative ideas, his relation to many seventeenth-century literary problems, as well as his life and reputation. King's poetry, in particular *The Exequy,* receives detailed critical attention. $3.40

Oxford University Press | New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Boulez and Stockhausen, of Babbitt and Carter. It is obvious from his remarks that he listens to them sympathetically but critically, giving special study to the score in the case of a work (such as Stockhausen's *Gruppen*) that particularly attracts him. It is thus possible for him to point out of Boulez, a composer over forty years his junior, that in some of his highly serialized music, "though every element . . . may be organized to engender motion, the result often seems to me like the essence of the static." Yet he can also say, sincerely and simply, "I like to listen to Boulez."

Although there is no sign of relaxation of his standards, personal or artistic, Stravinsky at eighty seems more generous, more relaxed. His tongue is still barbed; but of its earlier targets, only the critics still suffer its full fury. An appendix to *Expositions and Developments* attacks two of them, thinly disguised as H. P. Langweilich and S. W. Deaf, as typical "journalist-reviewers." Stravinsky's savage manner here seems strangely out of place among comments otherwise free of rancor.

It is not only strictly musical matters that come in for reevaluation. An entire range of memories is reviewed under the octogenarian's benign eye, and they are rewarded with a personal warmth missing from the official autobiography. One reason for the new wealth of detail and the increased sense of intimacy is the way these books grew out of actual conversation. Another is adduced by Stravinsky's suggestion that "four cerebral thromboses have unshuttered the remotest reaches of memory." At any rate, two pages in *Expositions and Developments* are now devoted to his courtship and first marriage. Another revealing episode is the last meeting with Diaghilev. What was dismissed in the autobiography as casual, "at a distance on the platform of the Gare du Nord," is revealed in *Expositions and Developments* as actually a quietly dramatic scene "so strange I sometimes feel I must have read about it in a novel and not have had it happen to me."

Style as well as content convinces us that in the recent books we are hearing Stravinsky's true voice. To be sure, both the earlier works are known to American readers primarily through translations, whereas the conversations were all presumably held in English (as the numerous puns attest). But even granting the inevitable losses from the original French, we find in the earlier books little of the accurate observation, the pungent personal description, the keen delight in metaphor and verbal play, that stamp the Stravinsky of the conversations as an unmistakable literary personality.

The autobiography and the *Poetics* were marked by a tendency toward a solemn sententiousness—look at the last page of the autobiography, for instance—that is rarely to be found in the new books. Only when Stravinsky is regarding himself historically and critically does it reemerge, as when he closes his recollections of the composition of *Le Sacre:* "I am the vessel through which *Le Sacre* passed."

Much more in the typical spirit of the conversations are numerous succinct characterizations, some of which are unforgettable and have already become famous, like the summary of Rachmaninov as "a six-and-a-half-foot-tall scowl" and the reference to Auden as "this big, blond, intellectual bloodhound." In the same concise fashion he delivers judgment, relegating "all Strauss operas to whichever purgatory punishes triumphant banality," neatly summarizing Orff as "neo-Neanderthal," and praising Webern as "a perpetual Pentecost for all who believe in music."

The wordplay, it must be admitted, sometimes gets out of hand. Some of the puns are harmless enough ("Gerald is a virtuoso talker, the most brilliant I have ever Heard"), but the contrast of Lasso ("glory, glory, glory") with Berg ("gory, gory, gory") makes one wince. Actually some of the most amusing sallies are in the "Diary" of the last volume, selections from Craft's journal of over ten years' travel with the composer and his wife. Here we find such gems as "the vibraphone [in Berg's *Lulu*] goes on urinating in the ear a little too long," and the reference to Cyril Connolly's "earbrows." Craft worries needlessly about "how little our published colloquies show of I. S.'s cunning with words"; for these rec-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RUTGERS
UNIVERSITY PRESS

"Discovery of Excellence"

"A true critick ought to dwell rather upon excellencies than imperfections, to discover the concealed beauties of a writer, and communicate to the world such things as are worth their observation."
—JOSEPH ADDISON, February 2, 1712

Poetry and Fiction:
ESSAYS
by
HOWARD NEMEROV

"What emerges in all these essays is a voice of intelligence, seriousness and good faith. . . . The contents are variable in subject and quality, but behind all of the essays there is the steady presence of an interesting and cultivated mind."
—IRVING HOWE, *N. Y. Times Book Review*
$7.50

The Widening Gyre:
CRISIS AND MASTERY IN MODERN LITERATURE
by JOSEPH FRANK
Foreword by Allen Tate

". . . the most original critical mind to appear in America since the Second World War".—ALLEN TATE. "Mr. Tate, a distinguished older critic, introduces his younger colleague's collection of essays with an encomium so enthusiastic that one assumes it to be a preface to disappointment. Not at all; Mr. Frank is every bit as good as Mr. Tate says. He is original, sensible, learned, and discreet, and every writer he writes about—from Joyce to John Peale Bishop, from Malraux to R. P. Blackmur—is better appreciated through his efforts."—*The New Yorker*
$6.00

Rilke, Valéry and Yeats:
THE DOMAIN OF THE SELF
by PRISCILLA WASHBURN SHAW

Using specific poems by Rainer Maria Rilke, Dr. Shaw explores the relationship of the self to the outside world and contrasts Rilke with the French poet Paul Valéry. In her final section, the author uses the poetry of William Butler Yeats, which occupies a middle position in the sense of the self, to further illuminate the poetry and philosophy of Rilke and Valéry.
$6.00

RUTGERS UNIVERSITY PRESS · New Brunswick, New Jersey

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ords, fresh from each day's encounters, confirm the authenticity of Stravinsky's voice as we hear it in the conversations.

For those who have followed Stravinsky's thought, in word and in tone, through the years, one of the most interesting and important of the reinterpretations that come to light in the recent books concerns the famous dictum of the autobiography that "music is, by its very nature, essentially powerless to *express* anything at all." Now, in *Expositions and Developments,* Stravinsky tries to explain his statement as "simply a way of saying that music is . . . beyond verbal meanings and verbal descriptions." It was not meant to "deny musical expressivity, but only the validity of a type of verbal statement about musical expressivity." As a better way of saying the same thing, he now offers: "Music expresses itself."

With the statement thus expanded few would quarrel—although semanticists and linguistic philosophers would no doubt claim that the last sentence is either meaningless or hopelessly elliptic. Nevertheless, it is richly suggestive, conveying by its very tightness Stravinsky's belief that whatever the relations between music and life may be, they can never be formulated. "Composers combine notes. That is all. How and in what form the things of this world are impressed upon their music is not for them to say."

But there is another facet of Stravinsky's musical thought that seems to contradict this self-sufficient purism. Throughout all his books occur references to extramusical associations—dramatic, narrative, pictorial—that have apparently influenced the composition of specific works in an important way. The programmatic origins of *Petroushka* and *Le Sacre* were recounted as far back as the autobiography; now we find that some ostensibly absolute works like the *Symphony in Three Movements* had a similar inspiration.

It would be easy to dismiss the inconsistency by pointing out that Stravinsky does not deny the role of such extramusical ideas in the composer's own mind—that he only maintains their irrelevance to the understanding of the end product. But then how are we to explain his lifelong devotion to the musical theatre? In sheer bulk, ballet and opera probably constitute the major portion of Stravinsky's musical output, and his comments show that he takes their dramatic (that is, their nonmusical) demands seriously.

Any hope of finding an explanation depends, I think, on an investigation of the nature of Stravinsky's musical imagination; but this in turn can be approached most revealingly by way of a source mainly nonmusical: the imagery revealed by memories of dreams, of hypnagogic states and of actual events.

Another of Stravinsky's informative footnotes (*Expositions and Developments,* p. 154) indicates his awareness of the importance of dreams in his musical life, and the diary reports him as saying that he "dreams about every problem in his composition." At the moment, however, I wish to point out the extraordinary accuracy with which these dreams seem to be remembered. As recounted, they are precise in detail and vivid in sensuous impression. In a word, they are concrete. Some of them are primarily aural, like the one that initiated the *Octuor;*[1] some of them are visual as well—witness the gypsy and her child who appeared to him during the composition of *L'Histoire du Soldat;* some, like the fantastic egg-dream associated with *Threni,* are tactile; and at least one—the dream of becoming a hunchback—is horrifyingly physical in every way. Sometimes, as in the case of the inspiration of *Le Sacre,* it is hard to tell whether a true dream or a kind of waking vision is meant (compare the accounts in the autobiography and in *Expositions and Developments*)—but then it is often difficult to distinguish between true sleep and borderline hypnagogic states. Always, though, the sense impressions are clear and direct, sometimes uncomfortably so.

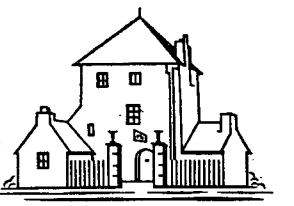
When we turn to Stravinsky's most vivid

[1] According to *Dialogues and a Diary;* the autobiography gives a different account of the origin of this piece.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A SELECTION OF NEW

RANDOM HOUSE BOOKS



Robert Penn Warren

FLOOD. By the author of *All the King's Men:* a raging and beautiful new novel about a Southern town doomed to extinction by the flood waters of a power dam. $5.95

Pär Lagerkvist

PILGRIM AT SEA. The fourth novel in a monumental tetralogy by Sweden's greatest living author, who won the Nobel Prize for *Barabbas.* $3.95

Oscar Lewis

PEDRO MARTÍNEZ. A portrait of a real-life Mexican peasant family, by the author of *The Children of Sanchez.* $8.75

Three: 1964

By **ROBERT ROBINSON, ELEANOR WIDMER, and EGON POHORYLES.** Three fine short novels by talented new writers. **$4.95**

William Faulkner

AS I LAY DYING. One of Faulkner's greatest novels has now been corrected in accordance with the original manuscript and entirely reset. $4.95

Faulkner at West Point

Edited by **MAJOR JOSEPH L. FANT and LT. COL. ROBERT ASHLEY.** Photos. $4.95

George P. Elliott

A PIECE OF LETTUCE. Provocative, witty, and unusual literary criticism by the author of *Among the Dangs.* $4.95

The Plays of Strindberg, Vol. 1

Selected and translated by **MICHAEL MEYER.** Contains *The Father, Miss Julie, Creditors, The Stronger, Playing with Fire, Erik the Fourteenth, Storm,* and *The Ghost Sonata.* $5.95

Richard Bankowsky

ON A DARK NIGHT. A new novel by the gifted author of *A Glass Rose* and *After Pentecost.* $4.95

Douglas Fairbairn

A GAZELLE ON THE LAWN. A novel in the Marquand tradition. $4.95

Karl Shapiro

THE BOURGEOIS POET. Poems in an intriguing new experimental form. $4.00; paperbound $1.95

6 new Random House Plays in book form. $3.95 each

DYLAN by SIDNEY MICHAELS (also paperbound, $1.95)
A CASE OF LIBEL by HENRY DENKER
TELEMACHUS CLAY by LEWIS JOHN CARLINO
THE CHINESE PRIME MINISTER by ENID BAGNOLD
THE PASSION OF JOSEF D. by PADDY CHAYEFSKY
BUT FOR WHOM CHARLIE by S. N. BEHRMAN

Now at your bookstore

RANDOM HOUSE, 457 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

memories of his waking life, we find that the same characteristics prevail. It is true that he casts doubts on the faithfulness of his visual memory: "while my accounts of things seen are subject to exaggeration, to mistaken observation, and to the creations and distortions of memory itself . . . my recollections of sound must be faithful." Yet the circumstantial detail of his reminiscences, whether visual or aural in origin, inspires confidence in their accuracy. He makes us see the red-haired, red-bearded, red-shirted, dumb peasant of his early childhood, and he makes us hear the sounds he produced, hand in armpit, "somewhat dubious but very rhythmic." He gives us a sense of the coming of spring in the Russia of his youth, "that seemed to begin in an hour and was like the whole earth cracking." We are present at "the birth of a blue blob coiled in placenta, like the breathing apparatus of some creature from outer space —my younger son." In every case—these are only a few of the most striking—a vividly experienced moment is translated into a concrete sensuous image, powerful in its immediacy.

It is precisely the same insistence on the concrete that explains Stravinsky's approach to his own music. Perhaps the clearest example, one that can serve as a touchstone to the rest, is to be found in the origin of *Petroushka*. According to the autobiography, it was conceived as "an orchestral piece in which the piano would play the most important part—a sort of *Konzertstück*. In composing the music, I had in my mind a distinct picture of a puppet suddenly endowed with life, exasperating the patience of the orchestra with diabolical cascades of arpeggios. The orchestra in turn retaliates with menacing trumpet blasts. The outcome is a terrific noise which reaches its climax and ends in the sorrowful and querulous collapse of the poor puppet . . . [Diaghilev] was so much pleased with it that he would not leave it alone and began persuading me to develop the puppet's sufferings and make it into a whole ballet." I have quoted from the passage extensively because I find here specific mention of so many of the elements that contribute to what I call Stravinsky's concrete approach. First of all, the instruments are not merely chosen at the outset but are clearly heard and characterized: the half-living, half-mechanical piano and the threatening trumpets. Next, or at the same time, the image of the puppet emerges as a visualization of the primarily aural instrumental image. Finally, the visual image is given a specific form to match the music: the ballet.

Two important points must be noted here. First, the music takes form from an image, not from an abstract concept. It is not the idea of piano against orchestra, but the specific sound-image of the piano conceived in just this way, with just these characteristics, against the orchestra handled in just that way. A return to the dreams mentioned above will confirm that Stravinsky habitually thought of his music in terms of such images. The variations on the theme are interesting: the dream of the *Octuor* determined the exact choice of instruments; that of *L'Histoire* presented him with a melodic motif and a style of performing it; the "elastic substance" and the "testicular eggs" of *Threni* symbolized a troublesome interval. Only *Le Sacre* seems to have been set going by a purely visual image, one that, as we know, may not have been due to a genuine dream.

Dream or not, the image of *Le Sacre* (a young girl dancing herself to death as a sacrifice to the god of spring) has one important point in common with the puppet of *Petroushka;* and this brings me to my second observation. Stravinsky's visual images come to life primarily as motion, and only secondarily, if at all, as emotion. This is true even when there is no thought of a ballet in his mind.

The "austere ritual" of the *Symphonies of Wind Instruments,* the "musical fete" of the *Sérénade en La;* the "vision of Elijah's chariot climbing the Heavens" in the *Symphony of Psalms*—is it not the movement, the choreographic quality, in each of these that appeals to the composer? The same is undoubtedly true of the movie scenes that he describes in connection with the *Symphony in Three Movements:* "each episode

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From Ohio State

The Tragedy of Manuel Azaña and the Fate of the Spanish Republic, by Frank Sedwick

"Through this well-documented biography, the whole history of twentieth-century Spain comes to life. . . ."—*Hispanic American Report.* $6.25

André Malraux: Tragic Humanist, by Charles D. Blend

"[A] responsible and intelligent book. . . . Its author understands and conveys that the material with which Malraux himself struggles is the permanent material of art."—*The Commonweal.* $6.00

A Road Came Once, poems by Milton Kessler

"Kessler enters deeply into the feelings of the suffering victims of the world. . . ."—*New York Times Book Review.*

With a Frontispiece by Ben Shahn, $3.75

Expressions of Sea Level, poems by A. R. Ammons

"There is a wonderful eagerness in this book. . . . Each poem is . . . the revelation of a harmony which is both found and made."—*The Nation.* $4.00

Interpreter's House, poems by William Dickey

"The poet sensitively conveys depth and nuance in human relationships, is witty and honest in comments on the social scene, is original in his treatment of traditional themes."—*Choice.* $4.00

Bertrand Russell on Education, by Joe Park

An attempt to discover what kind of education Russell thinks will be needed to accomplish his vision of the good life. $4.00

Garrick's Jubilee, by Martha Winburn England

A comprehensive—and often hilarious—account of a unique occasion when perhaps the greatest actor who ever lived, rejecting all prudential advice, went to Stratford-upon-Avon as Steward of a Jubilee in honor of William Shakespeare. $6.25

The Artistic Transaction and Essays on Theory of Literature, by Eliseo Vivas

An attempt to arrive at a pure definition of the nature of our intercourse with art by one of the world's great aestheticians. $6.75

Syrian Politics and the Military, 1945-1958, by Gordon H. Torrey

A careful analysis of the complex political and military maneuvers behind the internal turmoil that has characterized Syria's entire life as an independent nation. $7.00

Ohio State University Press
164 West Nineteenth Avenue
Columbus, Ohio 43210

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the Symphony is linked in my imagination with a concrete impression, very often cinematographic in origin, of the war." (So *Dialogues and a Diary;* but *Expositions and Developments* links the middle movement with *The Song of Bernadette.*)

That Stravinsky himself was aware of the suggestive power of certain forms of motion, and the way in which the content of the music is derived therefrom, is clearly shown in the following interchange (*Memories and Commentaries,* p. 89):

R.C. Has music ever been suggested to you by, or has a musical idea ever occurred to you from, a purely visual experience of movement, line, or pattern?

I.S. Countless times, I suppose, though I remember only one instance in which I was aware of such a thing. This was during the composition of the second of my *Three Pieces* for string quartet. I had been fascinated by the movements of Little Tich, whom I had seen in London in 1914, and the jerky, spastic movement, the ups and downs, the rhythm—even the mood or joke of the music—which I later called *Eccentric,* was suggested by the art of this great clown . . .

When the composer goes one step further, as in the case of the ballet, it is clear that the music is by no means an interpretation of, or an accompaniment to, the spectacle. Rather, it is just the other way around: the spectacle translates (or should translate) the musical form into another medium—for many a more immediately comprehensible one. Yet the translation must be free, not literal: "Choreography . . . must realize its own form, one independent of the musical form, though measured to the musical unit." The balance between rigidity and freedom is evidently a difficult one. Poor Nijinsky is belabored in the autobiography for failure to follow the music: "It was always necessary to remind him that he must make [his movements] accord with the tempo, its divisions and values"; and in *Memories and Commentaries* for the opposite slavishness: "He believed that the choreography should re-emphasize the musical beat and pattern through constant coordination. In effect, this restricted the dance to rhythmic duplication of the music and made of it an imitation."

One thing is clear, though: the music comes first. Stravinsky never seems to compose ballets to predesigned choreography, although, as his discussions of *Oedipus* and *The Flood* show, he often visualizes his own staging as he writes. The dance seems to be for him a visible dimension of the music, or a projection of it onto another plane. In the deepest sense he feels that he composes the dance, as his remark about *Scènes de Ballet* indicates: "The choreography was my own, in the sense that I conceived the sequence, character, and proportions of the pieces myself and visualized the dance construction . . . as I wrote the music."

Stravinsky's interest in ballet as a visual correlative of his music is neatly complemented by his insistence that the audience at a concert should be able to watch the instrumentalists. If no ballet is supplied, then the musicians perform, as it were, their own ballet. In his autobiography he insists that "the sight of the gestures and movements of the various parts of the body producing the music is fundamentally necessary if it is to be grasped in all its fullness." This belief explains why he placed the orchestra on the stage in *L'Histoire d'un Soldat.* Years later, it becomes the basis of one of his reservations about electronic music: "With nothing to look at on the stage—no exhibition of orchestra and conductor, but only conduit-speaker boxes and, suspended from the ceiling, mobile reflectors—what is the audience to look at?"

Venturing into shakier territory, I wonder whether the same search for visual correlatives does not explain certain characteristic habits of the composer: his concern with the neatness of his manuscripts, which are models of penmanship; his insistence on the exactness of his metrical notation; his current use of new score-arrangements to clarify his latest music on the page. He tells us that "the unit of the note and the tempo appear in my imagination at the same time as the interval itself," and that "the shape of the notes as one writes them is the shape of the original conception itself." Even his individual use of the twelve-tone row is explained in visual terms: "Every aspect of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seeds of Discord

De Gaulle, Free France, and the Allies

Dorothy Shipley White

The period between the fall of France in June, 1940, and the invasion of North Africa in November, 1942, was crucial in determining De Gaulle's later relations with Britain and the United States. This excellently written, thoroughly researched book traces the events following De Gaulle's organization of Free France in defiance of Vichy, and examines British and American actions and reactions, dilemmas and attitudes as De Gaulle persisted. Here is a major contribution to an understanding of De Gaulle today. Illustrated. $7.50

A Vanished World

Anne G. Sneller
Drawings by Nancy B. Perkins

"This is the story not only of a vanished childhood, but of a vanished world. The background of trees and meadows and orchards, of white houses, and red barns, of stump fences and stone walls has disappeared and is as irrecoverable as though it had never been." With these words Anne Sneller begins her account of life on the farm in late 19th century America. Of it, Professor Thomas O'Donnell of Utica College says, "I enjoyed *A Vanished World* more than any other book of its kind that I have read." $6.75

The Gentle Critic

Theodor Fontane and German Politics, 1848-1898

Joachim Remak

Fontane, 19th century German novelist, poet, and journalist, was one of his native Prussia's shrewdest social critics. This book examines Fontane's view of Prussianism, politics, and Bismarck's leadership. $4.75

At your bookstore or

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Syracuse, New York 13210

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the composition [of *Movements*] was guided by serial forms, the sixes, quadrilaterals, triangles, etc. The fifth movement, for instance . . . uses a construction of twelve verticals. . . Five orders are rotated instead of four, with six alternates for each of the five, while, at the same time, the six work in all directions, as though through a crystal." A study of the score makes this explanation no less cryptic; so I can only conclude that it refers to a set of geometric diagrams that the composer kept before him to guide the twelve-tone structure.

Stravinsky, then, is acutely aware of, and immediately responsive to, every kind of sense impression. As a musician he absorbs them all and turns them into music. I think it is the vividness of this process that explains the composer's constant use of physiological metaphors when he talks about composition. In the *Poetics* he refers to "a sort of appetite that is brought on by the foretaste of discovery," an appetite "as habitual and periodic, if not as constant, as a natural need." The imagery becomes even more frankly animal in his description of the creative curiosity that drives him: "A composer improvises aimlessly the way an animal grubs about. Both of them go grubbing about because they yield to a compulsion to seek things out. What urge of the composer is satisfied by this investigation? The rules with which, like a penitent, he is burdened? No: he is in quest of his pleasure. . . So we grub about in expectation of our pleasure, guided by our scent. . ." This passage is perhaps purposely ambiguous—the imagery could be either sexual or alimentary. A simile in *Dialogues and a Diary,* however, is more specific: "The artist is like a pig snouting truffles."

The gastronomic image is pursued in a reference to "musical saliva," which "is set in motion by the sounds and rhythms of the syllables" when he works with texts. But this suggests in turn a physiological metaphor that, including both the digestive and reproductive systems, is still wider than both: music as a secretion. "Which of us today," asks Stravinsky, "is not a highly conditioned oyster?" Or, substituting eggs for pearls, in explanation of his eighteenth-century neoclassicism: "I was a kind of bird, and the eighteenth century was a kind of bird's nest in which I felt cozy for laying my eggs." This remark, of course, brings us right back to the extraordinary dream about *Threni,* in which the notes themselves are vividly associated with eggs. (Some music —not his own, to be sure—suggests excretion to him: certain electronic sounds result in micturition, and others "have the effect of colonic irrigation.")

Such physiological metaphors suggest that the piece of music is physical and almost tangible. One of Stravinsky's most telling remarks sums up all these figures of speech: "When I compose an interval I am aware of it as an object . . . as something outside me, the contrary of an impression." Music is something concrete; theory "doesn't exist. There are compositions from which it is deduced."

The foregoing account of Stravinsky's attitude toward his art, which I find confirmed on almost every page of the tetralogy, contrasts oddly with some of the abstract pronouncements of the *Poetics.* There we were informed that "the phenomenon of music is nothing other than a phenomenon of speculation," and we were encouraged to follow as a guide to such speculation Pierre Souvtchinsky, with his dichotomy of psychological and ontological time. I do not deny that such ratiocination may have fascinated the composer for a while, and that he may have found therein an aesthetic basis for defending his own music during a period when it was widely attacked. But I think that today Stravinsky states his position more accurately when he says, "I would like to remind you that composers and painters are not conceptual thinkers. . . . The composer works through a perceptual, not a conceptual, process. He perceives, he selects, he combines, and he is not in the least aware at what point meanings of a different sort and significance grow into his work. All he knows or cares about is his apprehension of the contour of the form, for the form is everything."

Now, this approach is the natural one of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CHAPEL OF THE CARDINAL OF PORTUGAL

By Frederick Hartt, Gino Corti, and Clarence Kennedy

In 1956, Dr. Corti was able to report to the world the discovery of a remarkable collection of documents in the vault of a bank in Florence, documents relating to the contracts and expenditures for the construction and decoration of the tomb of the young Cardinal of Portugal, one of the treasures of Florentine Quattrocento art. This sumptuous volume is an outcome of that discovery, with chapters on the history of the construction of the Chapel, critical analyses of the architecture and sculpture, and details from the documents themselves. Richly illustrated with 160 plates in color and monochrome.

360 pages, 9½ × 12½ 160 plates, index $25.00

EARLY ANTHROPOLOGY IN THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES

By Margaret T. Hodgen

The study of Anthropology, as we know it today, is generally thought of as beginning in the nineteenth century, with the work of Sir Edward Burnett Tylor. In this study, probing a period two to three centuries earlier, Dr. Hodgen has related anthropology to other man-centered studies and has brought out extensive evidence of an "extremely ancient humanistic inheritance." This is a thoroughly readable work, which, while analytic in character, will be of equal interest to students and to lay readers as well. Dr. Hodgen has supplemented her text with numerous prints, title-pages and other illustrations which add to the interest of the work.

550 pages, 5½ × 8½ 44 plates, index $12.00

MEN IN SEARCH OF MAN

By Percy C. Madiera, Jr.

The University Museum of the University of Pennsylvania marked its 75th anniversary in 1962. In that period, anthropology, archaeology and ethnology have emerged from their academic infancy to take their place among the major studies of our time. The University Museum has played an important part in the emergence, sponsoring expeditions which have resulted in major discoveries in Asia, South America and other cradle-lands of our civilization. With a comprehensive text, and illustrated with photographs from many of the collections, this is an important study of one of the country's major institutions of ancient art.

144 pages, 7½ × 10 80 plates, index $7.50

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA PRESS

3436 Walnut Street • Philadelphia 4, Pa.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a born musician—and according to Stravinsky's own recollections he was as nearly a born composer (in the literal sense) as one can be. Everything that happens to him, every sense impression, is ingested, digested, secreted, ovulated—and the result is musical form. But the form is a self-contained object. It need not "express" anything, any more than an egg "expresses" its parent birds' experiences, or the food they ate, or the bird that it will become. But it does somehow embody the life of the parents, and it contains the baby. Or, as Stravinsky puts it: "A composer's work *is* the embodiment of his feelings and, of course, it may be considered as expressing or symbolizing them—though consciousness of this step does not concern the composer. More important is the fact that the composition is something entirely new *beyond* what can be called the composer's feelings. . . . A new piece of music *is* a new reality."

To Hearten the Pilgrim

JOHN KEATS. *By Walter Jackson Bate. Harvard University Press. $10.*

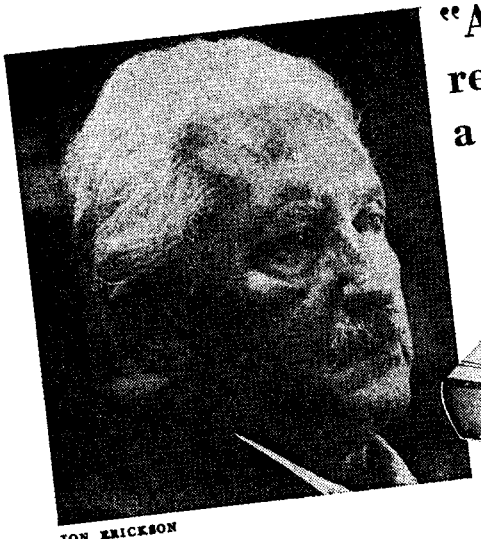
Reviewed by DUDLEY FITTS

Rarely, but often enough in one's time to hearten the flagging pilgrim, scholarship and criticism combine with art to produce a consummating statement, a work that must be, at least for the moment, definitive. Mr. Bate's exhaustive study of Keats is such a work—or so it seems to me, at any rate, who have lived again in its more than seven hundred pages the perplexities, the agony, the outrage, and the triumphs of that brief life. The greater part of the narrative has been rehearsed before, although not with such stripped, undeviating authority; but the familiar story, which somehow refuses to grow stale, is irradiated here by a generous and sensitive critical intelligence that transforms it. John Keats ceases to be merely a disastrous young man, merely a poet, merely a great poet; he becomes the protagonist of a tragicomedy of self-discovery that is certainly not alien to the experience of young writers in our own day, however circumstantially disparate their individual problems may be. To have achieved this kind of universal without overtly stating it, perhaps without particularly desiring it, is one of the subsidiary triumphs of Mr. Bate's art. We need not insist upon it, although I do not see how we can neglect it. What makes the book memorable is the accumulation and analysis of the data of Keats's career, a rounded wholeness that is at once final and infinitely provocative.

The discourse moves simultaneously on several levels. The story itself, of course, is basic. I do not know enough about Keats studies to be able to say that Mr. Bate has or has not adduced any new factual evidence of more than corroborative significance, but it is my impression that he has not. What he has done, however, is to reproduce the living aura surrounding the events. With no tricks, no stage management, with a grateful minimum of interpretative *chorika,* he re-creates an action of almost oppressive immediacy. His characters are far from being the cut-and-dried types of the Keats legend: the wicked guardian, the much maligned sweetheart, the pathetic sister, the tragic Tom and the bustling and obtuse George, and the concomitant, insufficient, largely betraying acquaintances and friends. Only Abbey and Haydon come close to being types, and it would seem on the evidence that that is how God conceived them in the first place. (One misses, though, the vivacious actuality of Mrs. Isabella Jones, so pleasantly brought back to life ten years ago by Robert Gittings. Mr. Bate admits her, but the splendor is departed.) It is the interplay of these characters and their various collisions and absorptions with the poet that provides the second level, the criticism of the action *per se;* and here, finely, the reader is permitted the illusion of drawing the moral conclusions himself, since Mr. Bate, except for moments when irony or human perversity are too much for equanimity to bear, discreetly avoids judgment. So far, it is good drama; but above it all, rising from it always, never ex-

DUDLEY FITTS teaches English at Phillips Academy in Andover, Massachusetts. He is editor of the Yale Series of Younger Poets.

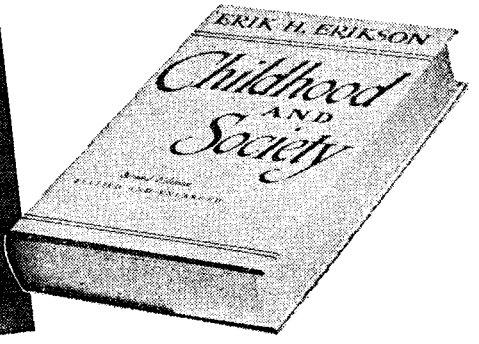
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



JON ERICKSON

"A book to which each new reader responds with a sense of discovery."

—MARGARET MEAD



CHILDHOOD AND SOCIETY

SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED

by ERIK H. ERIKSON

It is not too much to say that Erikson's CHILDHOOD AND SOCIETY has become, since its original publication in 1950, a modern classic. Its ideas and insights have had a profound influence on the study of human behavior in all fields—not only psychology but biology, education, history and government as well. Some of its formulations—"identity crisis," for example—have already entered the common speech.

In CHILDHOOD AND SOCIETY Professor Erikson integrates his own observations of individuals and societies with discussions of such subjects as the biological basis of the theory of infantile sexuality, the growth of the ego and the evolution of identity. His particular concern is with the dynamics of human development. This newly revised and enlarged edition of his brilliantly readable book has enabled Professor Erikson to incorporate later insights as analyst, teacher and research clinician.

Erik H. Erikson is one of the leading figures in the field of psychoanalysis and human development. For more than a decade he was on the Senior Staff of the Austen Riggs Center, and he has participated in the researches of the Harvard Psychological Clinic, the Yale Institute of Human Relations, the Institute of Child Welfare at the University of California and the Western Psychiatric Institute in Pittsburgh. He is now Professor of Human Development and Lecturer on Psychiatry at Harvard.

At all bookstores • $6.50

A paperbound edition is also available for use in college courses.

YOUNG MAN LUTHER

A Study in Psychoanalysis and History

By ERIK H. ERIKSON. Another seminal work by the author of CHILDHOOD AND SOCIETY is now available as a Norton Library Paperback.

Paperback, $1.75. Cloth, $5.95

W. W. NORTON & COMPANY, Inc., New York 10003

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

travagant, firmly responsible to whatever material evidence may exist, is the analytical interpretation of John Keats as man and artist, which interpretation, as I have suggested, finally assumes an allegorical significance. Here the evidence is less in the action and the poems than in the theorizing about them—that is to say, in the letters. It is not enough to say that Mr. Bate has made good use of them, as others have done before him. They have become for him the source of a critical aesthetic, a philosophy of creation and composition, and it is in the profundity of his handling of them that the *creator spiritus* of his thinking is most visibly at work.

Life, poems and letters alike raise important questions, and all of them receive at least partial answers. The letters: why could the poet find perfect release only here? How did the miracle of one year produce, almost without transition from competent mediocrity, that precious handful of poems that will not die? And what, for that matter, is the secret of their power, seeing that none of them is quite unflawed by syropy, or gross, or falsely archaic diction? (This question, in spite of a wealth of prosodical and otherwise technical discussion, is the least satisfactorily answered of them all.) What might have come from a prolongation of this astonishing twenty-six-year span of life? And what (let's be fair about all this) porridge had John Keats?

Two millennia and more ago there lived in Ephesus a painter named Parrhasios. I do not know how good a painter he was; only his reputation survives, and that is largely based upon a poem that he wrote about himself in which he asserted: "this hand of mine has established a mark for ever that will not be surpassed." Artistic complacency at this pitch, we are assured, becomes *hubris* and dares the lightning. Mr. Bate would not make such large claims for himself, and I have no wish to turn him into a lightning rod; but I think, all the same, that he might in the privacy of his study whisper a modest version of Parrhasios' boast, since it is difficult to see when or in what way his *John Keats* will be surpassed.

An Indulgent Apologia

MARK THE GLOVE BOY or, The Last Days of Richard Nixon. *By Mark Harris. Macmillan. $3.95.*

Reviewed by WALTER GOODMAN

In the summer of 1962, *Life* magazine assigned Mark Harris, the novelist, to do an article on the Brown-Nixon gubernatorial campaign in California. Who could have supposed that the editors of *Life* (it is difficult to conceive of, much less attribute anything to, *an* editor of *Life*) were thereby setting off a confrontation of Mark Harris with Richard Nixon and of Mark Harris with Mark Harris so momentous that it would produce a whole book?

It is an old, economical trick of newspaper feature writers to do a story on their efforts to do a story—usually an interview with a reluctant politician or movie star or gangster—that hasn't panned out. But Mr. Harris' story did pan out; it was the lead feature in *Life*'s October, 1962, California issue. Why, then, did he feel impelled to write this odd book?

As the title elusively implies, *Mark the Glove Boy* is first of all a piece of current autobiography, a personal-political confession. As a delivery boy for a New York City glove firm, young Mark went all out for Wendell Willkie—an unusual entrance into politics for a working-class Jew with intellectual inclinations, and one from which he has evidently not yet recovered. At the same time, however, it is a book about Richard Nixon.

Now such a book might be justified on any of several counts. If the author were Fëdor Dostoevski, then whatever he saw fit to tell us about subjects like writing, politics, his boyhood, would command our attention. But the author in this case is Mark Harris.

Still, it might be justified by the charm of his reminiscences, the insights into his craft,

---

✪ WALTER GOODMAN'S latest book, *All Honorable Men,* was published last November. He has written for *Commentary,* the *New Republic,* the *Nation* and other publications.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From Chapel Hill

. . . Literary Criticism **THE CAUGHT IMAGE:**

Figurative Language in the Fiction of HENRY JAMES

by Robert L. Gale

This first extensive study of figurative language in the complete works of any novelist considers the figures of imagery in all of James's 135 novels and short stories. Dr. Gale, associate professor of English, University of Pittsburgh, defines the images, compares James's use of them with that made by other important novelists, and analyzes the figures by placing them into major categories: water, flower, animal, war, art, religion—and many minor ones: fire, metals, sensations, and others. An important addition to Jamesian scholarship. $6.00

. . . American History **INTELLECTUAL LIFE IN JEFFERSON'S VIRGINIA, 1790-1830**

Winner of the First American Association for State and Local History Manuscript Award

by Richard Beale Davis

The fascinating story of the place and the period that gave America four Presidents, a Chief Justice, numerous Secretaries of State, ambassadors, explorers, Congressional leaders, and countless memorable orators. Mr. Davis, a native Virginian, is Alumni Distinguished Service Professor of American Literature in the University of Tennessee. Illustrated. $8.75

. . . Political Science **STATES IN CRISIS:**

Politics in Ten American States, 1950-1962

by James Reichley

This report on recent political conditions in ten widely differing states—New York, Texas, California, Arizona, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Massachusetts, Virginia, Ohio, and Nebraska—is based upon reports submitted by outstanding journalists from those states. It gives the case histories of their politics, reviews the characteristics of their political structure, and offers a reporter's eye view of a segment of politics rarely seen by either the scholar or the public and seldom discussed openly by the politician. James Reichley is legislative assistant to Governor Scranton of Pennsylvania and author of several political studies. $6.00

at all bookstores

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the fresh view he brings to a political campaign. There's some of that here, but not much. The recollections of watching baseball from the bleachers are shopworn. The digressions on technique ("I took down from the shelf my sixty-two pages, and my forty pages, and my fifteen pages, cutting my fifteen pages into strips and ribbons, tentatively hanging them together with Scotch tape. . .") are as illuminating as those "writing" magazines addressed to ladies in the sticks. Diarists, like people in analysis, are often misled by their own fascination with the twists of their feelings, the turns of their actions, into believing that all are of general significance, or at least interest. But Mr. Harris' reflections don't compel interest—far from it; and his language does nothing to save them. (The tone for much of the book is set on the first page: "For a writer who has advanced beyond a certain stage of his life, the work itself is experience. No other reward awaits him. . . . now that the money has been spent, or squandered or saved or invested or taxed away and the time regained, the experience remains for me to convey, as I am about to do in the ironic form of a literary object exceeding in style the object I was commissioned to produce.")

Another possible justification for this book might be the picture it provides of its costar, Richard Nixon. And, indeed, here and there, Mr. Harris puts his novelist's eye to good use, catching a moment of the American political ritual or of pure Nixon that we can immediately recognize as the real thing. There is the former Vice President sitting on a platform while all of the town's ex-athletes are introduced one by hulking one, or trapped in a meeting hall after his speech by a medley of patriotic tunes, or demolishing an attempt at serious conversation with a slogan—"Read up on the Hiss case." There is Pat, replying to the observation that opportunity is frequently denied to many Americans: "But look at Dick and I." Sharp, revealing scenes, and there are others—only not a book's worth. The news Mr. Harris brings us, that Dick Nixon is hardworking and ambitious but not much of an intellect isn't exactly a scoop.

These several failings would make the book merely so-so, but it is a more serious case than that; it is positively exasperating. There is a kind of innocence—or maybe just a pose of innocence—that in a grown man is embarrassing and in a writer is a curse. It confuses honesty with melodrama; it turns the most ordinary events into occasions of enormous import; it pauses reverently before every stray emotion and ponders and ponders the smallest thought. In such a state of mind, a rewrite of a brief magazine piece assumes epic proportions: ". . . it needed work, one more going-through and one more coming-out, one more stage of evolution, one more hard look at every connection, one more thorough writing and retyping and wringing and drying; time and work." The reaction to a first meeting with Richard Nixon becomes a Hemingway-like test of self-control: "Undressing, I knew that I had not sweated. Had I been hostile, I would have been nervous, and had I been nervous I would have sweated, but I had not sweated. No sweat. Nor had I smoked cigarettes. Had I sweated I would have smoked cigarettes." The conclusion that Nixon wouldn't make a good governor is delivered in the manner of Rodgers & Hammerstein: "I did not think he should govern the state where my children were growing, imposing his will upon the people of these houses whose doors without suspicion hung open to the lingering summer. . . ." Much of the prose in this book is so preposterous that one would like to believe the competent writer in Mr. Harris pumped it out at particularly mortifying sections as a warning to the reader to skip the page. Writing novels in the vernacular saves a man from this sort of display.

To get back to our starting question, Mark Harris was clearly not satisfied to do just another *Life* article on Richard Nixon. He had more he wanted to say, or believed he had more, and he was worried about what he wrote for *Life*, or more precisely what he didn't allow himself to write. The feeling is common in the trade, but most magazine pros simply endure it. This book is the novelist's effort to set the record right,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INDIANA

UNIVERSITY PRESS • BLOOMINGTON • IND.

The Rationalization of Russia
BERNARD SHAW
Edited with an introduction by Harry M. Geduld

A Shavian masterpiece recently discovered and never before published. Sparkling with typical satire and wit, it contains some of Shaw's best political writing.
144 pages, illus. $3.95

Introduction to Wallace Stevens
HENRY W. WELLS

This critical analysis of Stevens the man and poet does much to clarify his unique and original contribution to American letters.
224 pages $6.00

The Angel and the Serpent
The Story of New Harmony
WILLIAM E. WILSON

The first full-length history of the unique Indiana community which 150 years ago was the scene of the utopian experiments of George Rapp and Robert Owen—a lively and colorful chapter in Americana.
272 pages, illus. $6.95

Soviet Strategy for Economic Growth
NICOLAS SPULBER

A penetrating new analysis of the roots of Soviet economic development and their profound implications, not only for the Soviet economy today, but also for the future of the world's underdeveloped areas.
176 pages $4.50

The Population Crisis and the Use of World Resouces
edited by STUART MUDD
with the assistance of Hugo Boyko, Robert C. Cook, Larry Ng, W. Taylor Thom, Jr.

Forty-three articles by renowned world figures including Sir Julian Huxley, President Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, H. F. Dorn, J. J. Spengler, Eugene R. Black, Carl-Göran Hedén, Robert C. Cook, R. C. Axtmann, and Hermann J. Muller investigate the catastrophic consequences of overpopulation and measures to avert them.
560 pages, charts, index $7.95

The Middle East and the West
BERNARD LEWIS

An eminent authority provides a masterly introduction to the "Middle Eastern problem," in which the impact of the West on the Islamic world, its hostile reaction, and the failure of Western diplomacy in the cold war are brilliantly analyzed.
160 pages $3.75

New titles in Indiana's quality paperback series

MIDLAND BOOKS

THE SENSE OF INJUSTICE by Edmond Cahn (MB-55) $1.75. MANKIND, NATION AND INDIVIDUAL *From a Linguistic Point of View* by Otto Jespersen (MB-56) $1.95 (cloth $4.50). D. H. Lawrence: *The Failure and the Triumph of Art* by Eliseo Vivas (MB-57) $2.25. THE CHALLENGE OF EXISTENTIALISM by John Wild (MB-58) $1.95 (cloth $6.00). THE JOURNALS OF JEAN COCTEAU ed. and tr. by Wallace Fowlie (MB-59) $1.95. THREE GREEK PLAYS FOR THE THEATRE tr. by Peter D. Arnott (MB-60) $1.95 (cloth $5.00). THE AMERICAN NEGRO by Melville J. Herskovits (MB-61) $1.65. THE CHINESE EYE: An Interpretation of Chinese Painting by Chiang Yee (MB-62) $2.45

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New MERIDIAN paperbacks

The Forms of Things Unknown
By HERBERT READ. A discussion of the creative mind and the pressures to which it is subjected by our technological society. 248 pp. M168 $1.95

Black Reconstruction in America
By W. E. B. DU BOIS. The classic study of the role of American Negroes in post-Civil War Reconstruction. 748 pp. M170 $3.45

Selected Poems of Conrad Aiken
"Poetry second to none in our age."—ALLEN TATE. 288 pp. M177 $1.95

Logic, Computing Machines, and Automation
By ALICE MARY HILTON. A clear explanation of the operation of computing machines and their relationship to mathematics and logic. 449 pp. M171 $2.95

Wilson vs. Lenin
Political Origins of the New Diplomacy 1917-1918
By ARNO J. MAYER. The New Diplomacy seen against the background of the Soviet Revolution, American involvement in World War I, and the war aims of the major belligerents. 448 pp. M175 $2.95

Available wherever quality paperbacks are sold

MERIDIAN BOOKS
Published by
The World Publishing Company

give his sensitivity and originality full range, show what he can *really* do in the way of style. It is, alas, his apologia. Mr. Harris is ironic about *Life* and his relationship to it, but his irony does not save him when he needs it most, at the point where introspection gives way to indulgence.

Science and the Human Mind

SCIENCE, THE GLORIOUS ENTERTAINMENT. *By Jacques Barzun. Harper & Row. $5.95.*

Reviewed by EUGENE RABINOWITCH

This is a brilliant, erudite, thought-provoking, superficial and deplorable book.

It is a *brilliant* book, because it is full of felicitous phrases, unexpected parallels and striking juxtapositions. In the argument between Snow's "two cultures," the humanities certainly have the advantage of their spokesmen's much greater mastery of the weapons of controversy—words. In the hands of Barzun, the word becomes a sharp rapier, used with the skill of a fencing champion.

It is an *erudite* book—at least on the face of it—because it is full of quotations from a multitude of known and unknown authors—philosophers, historians, economists, scientists and newspaper reporters, and references to events in most diverse fields of human existence. Some are apt and some not so apt; but on the whole, the sweeping ease with which the author gathers support for his theses is impressive.

It is a *thought-provoking* book, because it is full of arguments, conclusions and pronouncements which this reader—and he is sure, many other readers as well—well know to be wrong, but which challenge one to prove *why* they are so. It also contains a smaller, but still considerable number of thoughts that deserve serious consideration. Among these is the central

✪ EUGENE RABINOWITCH is professor of biophysics at the University of Illinois; and editor of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists. The Dawn of a New Age* is his most recent book.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thesis of the book: that the human mind is capable, in addition to analyzing, classifying, counting and abstracting (which Barzun considers the essence of science), of grasping things in their wholeness and uniqueness. This latter approach he considers characteristic of art—which one can understand—and also of history, and of law—which is less convincing. (That a court must consider every case as a unique whole, and cannnot decide it by analysis and classification, is less than obvious.)

It is a *superficial* book, because in marshalling his evidence, Barzun makes no distinction between serious matters and trivia (such as that some female clothing articles are called coordinates), between deep thinkers and casual commentators; every scrap and bit helps! Most importantly, while he refers to his friendship with some scientists (who have read his book in manuscript), he does not deal with the most important thoughts of modern scientists on science and the human mind, which is, after all, the subject of the book! The name of Niels Bohr, the deepest epistemological thinker of our time, does not occur in the book at all; neither does the term "complementarity," the key word in Bohr's philosophy. Neither is Max Born mentioned. When it suits him, Mr. Barzun can dismiss Einstein's or Heisenberg's opinions as "un-typical," and rely in his generalization on quotations from other, lesser scientists, which fit better into his picture—for example, support his assertion that science has given up the hope of harmonious representation of the universe.

The term "entropy" and the related concept of "information" are not mentioned in the book at all, and yet these concepts are most closely related to what Barzun considers the essential shortcoming of science—its alleged incapacity to distinguish the whole from the sum of its parts. (Neither is there a reference to *Gestalttheorie.*) Despite quotes from some recent scientific writings, the science Barzun tries to push into its proper corner is still the Newtonian, mechanistic science of past centuries: the analytical, atomistic picture of a world reducible to the movement of identical par-

HUMAN SENSES AND PERCEPTION

by

G. M. WYBURN
R. W. PICKFORD
and R. J. HIRST

For all those curious about human life and for the specialist who wants information from outside his own field of interest: a tripartite—biological, psychological, philosophical—survey of one of the basic life processes.

$7.00

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS, Toronto 5, Canada

Books for the United States shipped from our Brooklyn warehouse

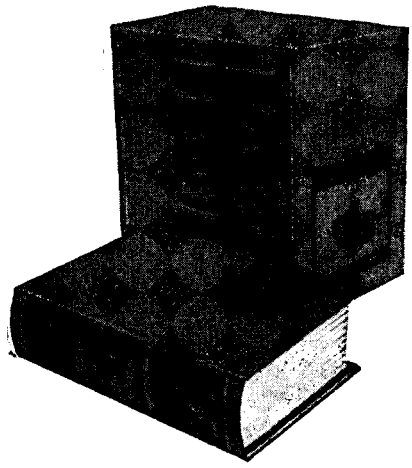
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN METHODISM

In 1956, by action of the General Conference of The Methodist Church, an editorial board was organized to produce this work. The Board was selected from The Council of Bishops, The Association of Methodist Historical Societies, and The Methodist Publishing House. Emory S. Bucke, book editor of Abingdon Press, was made general editor. The result is the first complete history of Methodism in over fifty years.

The 44 writers of the History, selected by the editorial board, give a vivid picture of Methodism as it has developed in America from early in the 18th century to, and including, our times. Both accurate and highly readable, *The History of American Methodism* includes many illustrations and photographs never before reproduced. Bibliography and indexes.

Three volumes in slipcase, **$27.50**



Order from your bookstore

abingdon press

175 YEARS OF *Service*-SINCE 1789

ticles governed by simple mechanical laws. This was the science against which the romantic poets—a Lamartine in France, or a Baratynski in Russia—rebelled, calling it cold, destructive and inhuman. But this is not the science of the twentieth century, with its breathtaking generalizations—the science of Einstein and Bohr, Heisenberg and Born—science that could move a Teilhard de Chardin to a vision of God's will revealed in universal evolution!

Mechanistic, analyzing and counting science—"the curse of abstraction, the burden of pullulating facts"—Barzun makes responsible for all evils of our time. While science is inconsistent, he asserts, and covers up the existence of several contradictory "sciences," it is domineering and intolerant. Scientists admire the Piltdown man one day and dismiss him as a hoax the next day. They mistreat Velikovsky's *Worlds in Collision* ("whatever the merits of this controversy may be"). Science has brought us thalidomide and water fluoridation. It is responsible for the antics of pseudoscientific advertising, and for the, at best, semi-scientific social research practices; it has mortified the English language. (The chapters dealing with these last topics are more convincing than those dealing with true science; their satire is not less biting, but much more to the point.)

What makes Barzun's book *deplorable* are not so much his mostly misdirected, but always amusing stabs at science, as his playful attitude toward the truly tragic problems of human existence created by the scientific revolution. (Yes, Jacques, there *is* such a thing!) He talks constantly about the unhappiness of man in our time. It is science, he asserts again and again, that has made the men of our time supremely unhappy. But in Barzun's context, "men" means a small layer of literary intellectuals ("those who lead opinion," in his words). The source of their unhappiness, he believes, is the domination of their minds by the cold, analytical abstractions of science. Their *mal de siècle* has nothing to do with the real challenges of science—the threat of nuclear war, the struggle of nations against hunger and disease, the population explo-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sion in primitive agrarian countries, urban congestion and technological unemployment in advanced industrial states. For Barzun science is a "glorious entertainment," but only an entertainment; it should not be permitted to displace other, equally or more glorious ones, based on contemplation of whole, concrete, unique phenomena. Art should be the foremost of these alternatives, but in the chapter devoted to art, Barzun—after first praising the writers who have rebelled against science, a Kafka, a Joyce or a Proust, as well as the modern painters and sculptors—turns around and calls them "traitors," who have surrendered art to the temptations of science and "techne."

Barzun seems to live in the time when intellectual and artistic elites could identify themselves with humanity, and think of their joys and worries as those of "man" as such. He does not see that the challenges of science are not to this elite, but to all mankind. These challenges are based on physical realities and not on abstractions; they cannot be made to "go away" by intellectual or sentimental rebellion.

The root of Barzun's weakness is his failure (shared by many other professionals of humanities) to grasp the basic distinction of the age of science and technology—irreversible change, development, evolution, all that is called (deservedly or undeservedly) progress. This development has brought mankind face to face with the atom bomb and the population explosion, with space travel and the "revolution of rising expectations"; it has made man aware of the immensities of the galaxies and the complexities of subatomic particles. Barzun seems to believe that the human mind can be turned away from all this, to enjoy again what it has enjoyed in the past—art, contemplation, love, the harmony of social and legal order. His is therefore an essentially *escapist* book; it invites the reader to forget about the most important realities of our time; his message is "stop the world, I want to get off." And the public is always delighted to listen to escapist advisers.

The book ends with a complaint that man has lost "wit and serenity to see that

Three Important Pairs . . .

CHRISTIANITY AND EXISTENTIALISM

William Earle, James M. Edie, and John Wild

A historical reflection, a comparison, an evaluation, and a reaction to elements in the thought of classical Christians, Kierkegaard, Nietzsche, Sartre, Heidegger, and Tillich.

$4.50

RELIGION AND AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONS

Wilber G. Katz

An examination of the points of view about the interaction of government and religion in contemporary America, tracing development of the neutrality principle in Constitutional cases.

$3.50

SCIENCE AND THE HUMANITIES

Moody E. Prior

A summary on the disunity of our intellectual activity, written in the spirit of conciliation. Dean Prior also examines the implications for education.

$3.50

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY PRESS

Evanston • Illinois • 60201

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BAUDELAIRE AS A LITERARY CRITIC

Translated and edited by LOIS B. and FRANCIS E. HYSLOP, JR. The first collection in English of all of Baudelaire's literary essays. The superbly readable translations and the editors' detailed analysis of his aesthetic make this book a fine introduction to Baudelaire for general readers as well as a welcome and valuable reference work for scholars. $7.50

THE PAINTING OF BACICCIO

By ROBERT ENGGASS. A complete photographic record of all of Baciccio's known paintings with a catalogue raisonné of his works and a thorough analysis of his artistic development and contribution. This first-rate study of one of the great artists of the late Roman Baroque period will make a fine addition to the library of anyone interested in the history and development of art. $20.00

ACADEMIC WOMEN

By JESSIE BERNARD. An intensive full-length study of the sociology of academic women. Written with perception and sympathy by a distinguished academic woman, this book sheds new light on America's women teachers, scholars, and scientists and the world they inhabit. $6.50

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE UNIVERSITY PRESS

University Park, Pennsylvania

even if he and his planet were atomized tomorrow, he could and should still say today: 'It will have been.' " Whatever this means, it seems dangerously reminiscent of *"après nous le déluge."*

Riesman's America

ABUNDANCE FOR WHAT? *By David Riesman. Doubleday. $6.50.*

Reviewed by LIVIO CATULLO STECCHINI

Students of utopias divide them into two types: those projected into the past (the good old times, the Golden Age), and those into the future (the millennium). David Riesman's writings belong to a third and more alluring type: utopia has been reached here and now. This kind of utopianism is largely a product of the cold war. There is a line of anti-Soviet propaganda that argues that whatever Communism promises for the future has been already realized by the United States in the present. Riesman takes his start from traditional idealizers of American capitalism. This is God's country where if one is hardworking, thrifty and provident, one can go from rags to riches. Riesman simply removes the "if" by asserting, as he does on the first page, that "for the first time in human history, arduous work is no longer necessary." We are back to the Garden of Eden.

Genesis tells us that the necessity of work results from original sin, a sexual phenomenon. Since neo-Freudians, whose position Riesman defends against Freud, tell us that original sin can be removed, the contention is plausible provided one succeeds in accepting both premises—that of Genesis and that of the neo-Freudians.

✪ LIVIO CATULLO STECCHINI is a classical scholar and an historian of culture. He teaches at Paterson State College and is Editorial Associate of the *American Behavioral Scientist.* At the University of Chicago he collaborated with David Riesman and others in the teaching of the course, "Personality and Culture."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the opening lines the author states:

The essays in this volume, with three exceptions, were written during the past nine years. Their principal unity arises from the assumption put forward earlier in *The Lonely Crowd,* that the United States is rapidly, if unevenly, becoming an affluent society and that the primary problem for the future will be what to do with the surplus of time and resources on our hands.

This assumption is so wrong that it is difficult to choose which factual evidence to quote for its refutation. All Americans, except for the small minority that is forcibly unemployed, complain of overwork. Almost every American, including most privileged housewives, complains steadily of being tired and that there are too few hours in a day. Millions of mothers, either because they have to work outside the home or because they cannot afford domestic help, feel they do not have enough time for the proper upbringing of their children.

Some of the essays were written by the author in his position of Director of the Center for the Study of Leisure at the University of Chicago (Ford Foundation grant) —a center dedicated to solving the dilemma of Americans who, suddenly provided with free time, do not know what to do with it. In truth, the dilemma does not exist: the constant increase in travel and the growing number of pleasure boats are but two of many indications that Americans certainly know how to employ their free time once they have it. Obviously what Riesman and his sponsors had in mind is that leisure time is not spent as they would wish. In fact, he declares on page 189: "Great Books courses or union education programs seem to attract few workers." But whether these are the most desirable forms of free-time activities is clearly a matter of opinion. It is true that most of the blue-collar labor force whose workweek has been reduced spend the extra time either moonlighting or working around the house, but this indicates chiefly that the assumed economy of affluence is far away.

The first essay of the volume deals with national purpose and the last one with national ethos. The author finds that both are

The new book by the author of
THE HOUSE OF INTELLECT

JACQUES BARZUN'S

SCIENCE:
THE GLORIOUS
ENTERTAINMENT

ALL manner of challenges await the reader of this major work, in which Mr. Barzun, regarding science as the overriding force in today's world, examines its all-pervasive influence, its manifold and generally unperceived effects and its role in contributing to our present state of private and public anxiety.

"This is perhaps the best of Barzun's many works, including GOD'S COUNTRY AND MINE and THE HOUSE OF INTELLECT. . . . A complex and scintillating structure of evidence, insight and argument."— *Newsweek*

"His latest work is not only lively and provocative as usual but an important book; he says very vigorously what in general I believe most needs to be said today."
— HERBERT J. MULLER,
Book Week

At all bookstores • $6.00

Harper & Row, New York 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

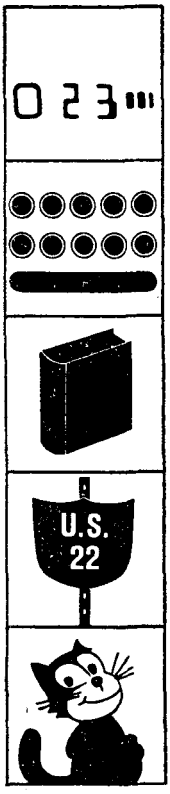
missing. As to the first topic, he would like to see America "carrying out some larger plan of a cosmic sort." But the United States, as well as the Soviet Union and the Republic of China, in spite of occasional pious declarations to the contrary, adheres to the usual cosmic aim of political societies —that of self-preservation; if it were not so, we would have already been destroyed by nuclear war. As for the national ethos of the United States, it is not a mystery to be investigated; it is that Gospel of Work brightly illuminated by Max Weber. A political party can be easily thrown out of power if it does not provide full employment; and the principal condition under which the American form of government with its two-party system could be threatened by a revolution is if it were not able to provide full employment.

This brings us back to the problem of free time and leisure. Here Riesman confuses facts with values. He states that American society has reached a point where work no longer provides a purpose in life and comes to be substituted by leisure. But, as Sebastian de Grazia has more correctly pointed out in *Of Time, Work, and Leisure,* leisure in American society is accepted only as a reward for work or as a refresher that makes us fit for more work. De Grazia may advocate a long-range program for the reconstruction of the American ethos by which leisure would be turned into the mainstream of society, but he recognizes that this would require another kind of world, one in which at least some human beings, instead of aiming at an economy of plenty, would turn their backs on it. De Grazia has clearly separated the description of present social reality from his dream of a return to the Greek conception of life wherein *penia* (poverty, need) and *poros* (means, supplies) condition human existence. In the present world, not the affluent but only the ascetic can hope for true leisure.

Riesman arrives at a distorted view of American society because his horizon is that of market researchers and advertising men. For these people America has reached the point of surfeit. What their clients have to offer (automobiles, refrigerators, television sets, cigarettes, liquor, canned goods, *et cetera*) has become difficult to sell in larger quantities, but one resorts to market research and to advertising just in those areas where the increase of demand tends to slacken. Judging from this peculiar angle, the American economy appears as an organized system of waste, as Riesman states repeatedly by appealing to the authority of Veblen. If Veblen had the mentality of an engineer, as Riesman stresses in two essays on his thought, he should have known that some of the best machines do not reach even fifty percent efficiency. Market research is a socially irrelevant activity because it deals only with the fringes of human behavior. All experts of liquor advertising know that they can influence the choice of one brand over another, not the total consumption of liquor, which is determined by the structure of society.

Hucksters have a false view of society because they think that they have great power, whereas they exercise their greatest influence in areas of indifference. Even the historian Arnold J. Toynbee has fallen into this error. In his recent book, *America and the World Revolution,* he proposed that the first step in reforming American society should be the abolition of advertising. In the same spirit Riesman dedicates a chapter (written in collaboration with Eric Larrabee) to the trite complaint that the body of American automobiles is designed to satisfy all sorts of emotional needs or whims "rather than solid engineering." The body (not the chassis) of automobiles can be as changeable and irrational as female fashions since, within wide limits, it does not need to be functional. Although money is the most functional entity in society and probably constitutes the original model of what we call functionality, its design can be totally irrational (and is usually baroque or grotesque) as long as it is complicated enough to prevent falsification. The Greeks often used the design of coins to produce *objets d'art,* whereas the Romans used it to convey political slogans. In the same spirit, we use money with legends like *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité* or "In God We

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



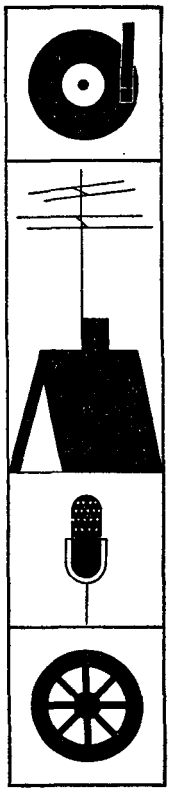
A new look at the processes
of human communication

UNDERSTANDING MEDIA
The Extensions of Man

By Marshall McLuhan

Director of the Center for Culture and Technology, University of Toronto, author of *The Mechanical Bride* and *The Gutenberg Galaxy*

Professor McLuhan's premise is that the *form* of any medium, rather than its *content*, determines what is being communicated. Analyzing such media as speech, writing, printing, art, photography, radio, TV, movies, and other electrical technological developments, he has made a highly original, brilliant contribution to man's understanding of the nature of social change. $7.50 at bookstores McGRAW-HILL



MEMORIAL TO AN AMERICAN CRITIC

During his lifetime, Van Wyck Brooks was a commanding figure on the American literary scene. Now, a year after his death, it is clear that his writings have greater force and relevance than ever, and therefore a group of his friends have created the Van Wyck Brooks Library Memorial Fund, a publicly supported undertaking devoted to preserving the author's personal library and other effects, and to making available to students and scholars copies of the many hundreds of books dealt with in Mr. Brooks's writings. This memorial collection will be housed in a wing to be added to the public library in Bridgewater, the Connecticut town in which the author lived for many years, and where Mrs. Brooks still resides. The memorial wing has been designed with an especial eye toward the needs of visiting scholars and other Van Wyck Brooks enthusiasts from out of town.

Since the success of the project depends on the generosity of those who admire Mr. Brooks's accomplishment, readers of the *American Scholar* are cordially invited to contribute to the fund. Donations are tax-deductible. Checks should be made out to the Van Wyck Brooks Library Memorial Fund and sent to the Brooks Library Fund, Bridgewater, Connecticut.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHILOSOPHY AND HISTORY

Edited by Sidney Hook

Twenty-six leading American historians and philosophers discuss aspects of the question, "What is history?" $6.00

THE MATTER OF ZEN

A Brief Account of Zazen

Paul Wienpahl

Here a western-schooled philosopher who has practiced *zazen* in Japan provides a lively, step-by-step account of the discipline at the heart of Zen Buddhism, touching also on the history of Zen in the West and the relation of Zen to traditional Western moral and metaphysical problems. $3.95

MISALLIANCE

A Study of French Policy in Russia During the Seven Years' War

L. Jay Oliva

This full account of the elaborate intrigues and crossed purposes of French and Russian diplomacy during the Seven Years' War redefines the purpose and potential of the alliance and offers a significant reinterpretation of the period. $6.00

THE TRANSFER OF THE SUDETEN GERMANS

A Study of Czech-German Relations, 1933–1962

Radomír Luža

Against the background of more than three decades of Czech-German relations, the author tells the story of the massive deportation of Germans from Czechoslovakia after World War II. $6.50

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY PRESS

Washington Square
New York, New York 10003

Trust." An economist would be ill-advised were he to use such evidence for the study of fiscal or monetary policy, yet this is exactly the method that Riesman follows.

Linguists have found that, although language exists for the purpose of communication, most of it is pointless noise. The noise helps in calling attention, in giving time to the speaker to think, or to the listener to register the message. What Riesman studies are the noises of our social life. He repeats, up to the last page of his book, that our society is "amorphous," whereas it is characterized by increasing organization and rationality, so much so that it is properly described by others as dominated by the scientific spirit. This fundamental aspect of society is totally neglected by him. His antennae are attuned to register the minutiae of our daily life: the pages of his book are crammed with thousands of little facts that we recognize as familiar and true. His system of reception is so perfect in its completeness that it has no selectivity. Undoubtedly he is the greatest chronicler of our age, but he is not its historian. The function of the historian is to put together *les tout petits faits significatifs.* In the torrent of highly effective and captivating Riesmanian prose, what is significant is totally submerged.

There is a chapter in the book on Tocqueville's visit to America. The author concludes that "Tocqueville lived during his journeys in his moral imagination" and that *Democracy in America* "is a work not of observation but of interpretation." It is exactly because the French historian approached America with an established frame of political philosophy, that his report differs from the hundreds of others by observers of the American scene who got lost in the welter of local peculiarities. Idiosyncrasies constitute the folklore of a society, not its essence. Riesman is an accomplished researcher into folklore, but the structure of society remains beyond his ken. He justifies his method by declaring that he is an avowed enemy of the classical tradition; what he means by classical tradition is the concern with the enucleation of essences and the isolation of accidents.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reader Replies . . . . . .

THE READER REPLIES *carries miscellaneous comments by readers and authors on various articles that have appeared in the magazine. All communications should be addressed to: Editor,* THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, *1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20009. Because of space limitations, we cannot guarantee to print all letters received.*

—EDITOR

In its Spring, 1964, issue, THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR published "a list of 1963 university press publications especially selected for the intelligent, nonspecialized reader," along with some observations on the list by several members of the SCHOLAR's Editorial Board. The comments ranged from praise for regional publishing and sobriety of titles to concern that the presence on the list of some "books that would be perfectly successful under the imprint of a commercial publisher" might raise the question of the university presses' tax-exempt status. One editor, who surmised that university presses are really not much different from commercial publishing houses, deplored the publication of books "which will probably never be read by anyone except those who will use them to write another work of the same type."

These widely varied reactions can be put into a single and, I think, sensible perspective. If university presses were not different from commercial presses, there would be no need for them, nor could they justify their tax-exempt status. But university presses *are* different; their imprints are guarded by boards of scholars whose only proper concern is the quality of their output; freedom from taxes and the ability to receive tax-deductible grants should enable the selection boards to concentrate on quality without concern for finances. It is part of the job of the press directors to manage efficiently and to find the money to publish the books approved by their scholarly boards. But this does not mean that a press has any obligation to reject a good book that is commercially attractive, provided that the press does not put cash ahead of quality or fail in its duty to publish valuable books that are sure losers. There just aren't enough subsidies to permit any press to lose money on every book.

In fact, the amount of subsidies available is quite small, and most university presses walk a financial tightrope. By 1965 the amount of subsidies will be substantially reduced owing to the ending of the Ford Foundation's beneficent eight-year program ($2,315,000) to support publication in the humanities and social sciences.

All signs indicate that within the next few years, specialized books in the humanities will be harder and harder to publish—so presumably there will be fewer and fewer published. The cost of publication has been increasing at about 6% a year, doubling every twelve years. Thus prices rise, but in the humanities there seems to be a ceiling over the price that can be charged; since humanistic scholars use so many books that they cannot hope to own all they need, they are constantly in libraries anyway, and they don't have as much money to spend as their colleagues in the social and natural sciences. In the natural and social sciences many scholars work in projects or institutes that have funds for books; humanists tend to work alone. If the market for specialized books in the humanities were expanding fast enough, the problem would be solved; but it isn't. Students can see where the grass is green, and they flock to fields where attractive opportunities beckon—not specialized humanistic studies. Nor do the libraries grow fast enough to help very much, although here there is more hope. The book-buying budgets of American college and university libraries will more than double during the sixties, but how much of this increase will go to the humanities?

Every publisher knows that a sure way to bankruptcy is to publish quantities of specialized literary studies. The same is true of classical studies and most other areas of the humanities. A recent analysis of a group of major

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

★★★★★

Religion and Leisure in AMERICA

★★★★★

Robert Lee. Here is a fascinating look at the history, meaning, and significance of our leisure time. Presented in a lively, provocative style, this is a book that every American, particularly those concerned with the religious habits of our country, will want to read and consider. 272 pages. $4.50

Order from your Bookstore

abingdon press

175 YEARS OF Service-SINCE 1789

F. R. LEAVIS TRIBUTE

A trust fund has been established to pay tribute to the work of Dr. F. R. Leavis as teacher and critic. With the sum raised it is hoped to endow a lectureship at Cambridge University bearing his name.

The Trust has an English committee, as well as consultants in countries around the world. Those in the United States are: Seymour Betsky, Montana State University; Reuben Brower, Harvard University; and Yvor Winters, Stanford University. Full details may be had from The Secretary, F. R. Leavis Lectureship Trust, 28 de Freville Avenue, Cambridge, England, or from Mr. Andre Schriffrin, Pantheon Books, 22 East 51st Street, New York 22, New York. Contributions may be sent either to The Secretary or to Mr. Schiffrin.

university presses showed that in 1962 42% of their publications were in the humanities, 45% in the social sciences, and 13% in the natural sciences. Of the books in the humanities 62% were subsidized; in the social and natural sciences the percentages were 45% and 28% respectively. Moreover, in spite of subsidies amounting to 13.8% of sales, these tax-exempt presses on the average lost money, although not greatly. But if there had been no subsidies, the loss would have been 14.4%, or over a million dollars! But of course with this prospect, *they couldn't have published the same books.* With costs rising and subsidies decreasing, with more gradual increases in the size of the market, what will happen to specialized humanistic studies?

Who cares? Why should anyone publish books that will be used chiefly by those who will use them to write other books? Aren't there enough books on Shakespeare already, to say nothing of minor authors like D. H. Lawrence? Why should we have monographs on the rubble of ancient Antioch? In fact, why should we publish books in the humanities which (like many in the social and natural sciences) will be read chiefly by scholars to further their research, leading to other books?

It should not be necessary in THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR to answer these questions, although yesterday an economist I know shuddered when I told him that we were publishing a book on the Stuart love lyric. It *is* important, I think, for readers of the SCHOLAR, especially readers like the distinguished commentators on university press publications, to keep in mind that the real job of a university press is to publish the best books that it can find, regardless of commercial considerations, but that what it *can* do is inevitably limited by its financial resources. As in other parts of academia, the money is flowing first to the natural sciences, then to the social sciences, and the humanities must struggle for existence. But isn't it the humanities, providing the constant renewal of our culture and the spark of insight into the mind and soul of the individual, that give value to everything else?

HERBERT S. BAILEY, JR.
Princeton University Press

• • •

I find Gerald W. Johnson's reasoning about the two-dimensional man [AS: Spring, 1964] somewhat hard to follow, but I am appalled at

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his one-dimensional view of civil rights. He argues that "with [the right to vote], no other right or even privilege can be deemed hopelessly out of reach . . . civil rights other than the right to vote, however desirable, are not fundamental in the sense that they are unaffected by time, place and circumstance." I am not clear about the meaning of the last qualifying phrase, but it is clear he calls anything beyond the right to vote, "secondary civil rights."

Now it is quite obvious that the right to vote does not necessarily produce other rights. In the North Negroes have voted for generations without gaining the right to live in certain residential areas, to join certain civil organizations. Social pressures keep them out of suburban churches and clubs and often out of swimming pools and good restaurants. It is doubtful the Negro's right to vote alone could open the doors of hotels, libraries, and restaurants in most Southern communities. Mr. Johnson suggests that a Negro professional man denied access to a public swimming pool has a right to be angry but "nothing more."

The fact is that his "secondary civil rights" are often more important than the right to vote. I live in a suburban community where Democrats are about four percent of the registered voters. In such a community the Democratic voter is regarded as amusing rather than important. But because I am white, social mores permit me to live in a good neighborhood with excellent schools, to use all public facilities and private businesses and to be active in civic organizations. To me these are primary rights. They enable me to enjoy the advantages of the community and to participate in its affairs. But they have little relation to my right to vote. In the South, and to a high degree in the suburban North, social mores, sometimes supported by community violence, can force a cultured Negro family to live in a ghetto, to send the children to substandard schools, to deny these children the civilizing experience of good restaurants or even of libraries. Negro minorities could vote until doomsday without affecting these extra-legal community pressures. Yet for any person who desires the values of civilized society, the denial of good education, social privileges, and the amenities of cultured living can hardly be called "secondary civil rights."

Whether mass picketing, boycotts, sit-ins and freedom marches are the best ways to attain these rights is debatable, but such methods have achieved much in recent years—more than has the right to vote. Over a hundred years ago Thoreau wrote: "Cast your whole vote, not a strip of paper merely, but your whole influence. A minority is powerless while it conforms to the majority; . . . but it is irresistible when it clogs by its whole weight."

Mr. Johnson uses a classic technique to divert attention from a major issue like civil rights by arguing that some other issue, for example, the right to travel in Communist countries, is more important. Granted that the latter is a valid question, it is like arguing that because acne deserves attention we should devote less effort to the cure of cancer.

ERNEST EARNEST
Gladwyne, Pennsylvania

MR. JOHNSON replies: Mr. Earnest and I are hopelessly at odds because he makes no distinction between rights and privileges. In a democracy a man deprived of the vote is a man disarmed in a world bristling with spears. But it is my belief that the heavy Negro vote in northern cities was what brought the civil rights bill as far as the floor of Congress.

* * *

It is twelve years since I came to live in the U.S.A., and I may be out of touch with the prevailing climate of opinion on the Abominable Topic of education in England—the subject of John Rosselli's article in your Winter issue. Yet I am surprised that he attributes the motives of English parents, who make great sacrifices to send their children to private schools, entirely to considerations of career or social status.

Not long ago most such parents considered education not only as a means to an end, but as an end in itself. The deep loyalties that so many of these schools inspire in their former pupils are based on things of the heart and mind—not material benefits. I have yet to hear of a state school in England or the U.S.A. that can claim such devotion.

The idea of associating snobbery with education is valid only if one admits the existence of various other forms of snobbery. We are all snobs of one kind or another. Anyone who respects high standards in morals, manners, tastes or achievement in any field, looks down on lower standards. In this respect snobbery may not be altogether a bad thing.

It has always surprised me that Americans, who for the most part value the free-enterprise system so highly, who shudder at the thought

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALLEGHENY
COLLEGE

Home of Eta of Pennsylvania, Phi Beta Kappa

Bentley Hall, named for the Reverend William Bentley of Salem, Mass. Acquisition of the Bentley library in 1817 elicited letters from Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and James Monroe. The college also owns the Winthrop and Isaiah Thomas Colonial collections, and the Ida M. Tarbell Lincoln materials.

The Most Distinguished Mark in Fraternity Jewelry

JEWELRY'S FINEST CRAFTSMEN

OFFICIAL JEWELER TO
PHI BETA KAPPA

L. G. Balfour Company
ATTLEBORO, MASSACHUSETTS

of a state medical service and who cherish the freedom and great traditions of the independent American universities, should be so firmly wedded to state education at pre-college level.

It is generally acknowledged in England that the private schools, certainly the better ones, provide a higher standard of education than all but a very few of the state schools. They attract better educated teachers, give more attention to the needs and progress of the individual child, and provide more opportunities for extra-curricular activities, amongst other things. To absorb these private foundations into the state system would inevitably result in lowering their standards. The whole concept of such a move is based on the old socialist fallacy of leveling down instead of up. Another criticism of private schools—that they are oriented toward producing leaders—is surely nonsense, at a time when the world needs enlightened leadership more than ever before.

Private schools offer parents a choice—the opportunity to send their child to the particular kind of school that in their judgment will suit it best. It is significant that many parents in England—and here—choose different kinds of schools for individual children in the same family.

Many of the British—and American—education problems would be eased if more parents could afford to send more children to more private schools. If educational expenses were made tax deductible, the heavy burdens and sacrifices of so many parents would be alleviated, and standards of education would be improved at no additional cost to the national economies.

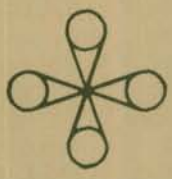
CLAUD BUNYARD
Belmont, Massachusetts

* * *

I would like to thank you for nothing more than the usually superb SCHOLAR. The Spring issue covered an exciting variety of topics—from Alfred Kazin's reflections on children in literature, Paul Sears's diverse experiences with palynology and ancient dust to Gerald Johnson's metaphysical gymnastics and Walter Teller's views of The American Dream. Once again, after browsing through the SCHOLAR, I feel that you have carefully selected only the most significant and vitally interesting contemporary themes to be presented, and I am grateful.

CHARLES WOOLF
Baltimore, Maryland

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BOLLINGEN SERIES

Announcing a new English edition
in four volumes of
ALEKSANDR PUSHKIN'S
novel in verse

Eugene Onegin

Translated, with a commentary, by
VLADIMIR NABOKOV

THIS edition of **Eugene Onegin** may well become the definitive version in English of Pushkin's masterpiece. Besides the translation by Vladimir Nabokov — who is famous for his novels both in Russian and in English — it also includes a detailed and far-ranging commentary by the translator and a reproduction of the complete Russian text.

Volume 1 contains the translation, which is the first literal rendering of **Eugene Onegin** into English. While reproducing Pushkin's meanings faithfully, Nabokov retains the stanza form of the original.

Volumes 2 and 3 are devoted to Nabokov's full-scale commentary, which explains obscurities, traces literary influences, relates **Onegin** to Pushkin's other work, and presents a host of interesting details about the poem and the Russia it depicts. It also gives lines and stanzas deleted by the censor or by Pushkin himself, and variant passages from Pushkin's notebooks.

Volume 4 reproduces, in full, the 1837 Russian edition — the last to appear in Pushkin's lifetime — from which the translation was made.

With an extensive introduction, two appendixes ("Abram Gannibal" and "Notes on Prosody"), and a comprehensive index. The 4 volumes, 4⅞ x 8 in., 1,915 pp., boxed: $18.50

Bollingen Series is published by Bollingen Foundation. Distributed by Pantheon Books, 22 East 51st St., New York, N.Y. 10022. For detailed catalogue, write to Bollingen Series, 140 East 62nd St., New York, N.Y. 10021

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin

Leonard W. Labaree, Editor
Ralph L. Ketcham, Associate Editor

For the first time in the nearly two hundred years since Benjamin Franklin began to write an account of his life, a thoroughly edited and indexed publication of his autobiography is available. The Introduction, Notes, and Index have been prepared by the editors of *The Papers of Benjamin Franklin*. The beautifully designed deluxe cloth edition contains a full color reproduction of the White House portrait, plus three full color inserts and a facsimile page of the original autobiography.

$12.50
A Yale Paperbound $1.95

The Problem of God

by John Courtney Murray, S.J.

In an urbane and persuasive tract for our time, the distinguished Catholic theologian combines a comprehensive metaphysics with a sensitivity to contemporary existentialist thought. Father Murray traces the "problem of God" from its origins in the Old Testament, through its exposition by the Christian Fathers and the definitive statement by Aquinas, to its denial by modern materialism. Since the book examines the growth of doctrine that is now, even more than in the days of Newman, a fundamental issue between Roman Catholic and Protestant, students and non-specialist intellectuals alike will find the subject of vital interest.

$4.50

Continuities in Cultural Evolution

by Margaret Mead

This volume is a significant contribution to the contemporary dialogue on the nature of human participation in the evolutionary process and the place of the individual in history by one of the foremost anthropologists of our time. It provides a new context for considering both impersonal processes in the development of civilization and the role of individual genius in cultural innovation. Dr. Mead draws on forty years of experience with direct observation of primitive peoples and with application of anthropological insights to contemporary society.

$8.50

The Field Notes of Captain William Clark

edited with an Introduction and Notes by Ernest Staples Osgood

"A significant addition to historical knowledge. The field notes are fascinating; they allow the modern reader to look behind the scenes and to share with the members of the expedition the hardships and delights of exploration . . . No one can fail to be impressed by the meticulous editorial labors of Professor Osgood. His detective skill in running down obscure information is as impressive as the lucid style with which he presents his findings."—Ray A. Billington.

$12.50

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
New Haven and London

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED